

Leatherneck

JUNE 1953

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



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M3

*"Straight up" bat-wing interceptor
lands with ease on aircraft carriers*



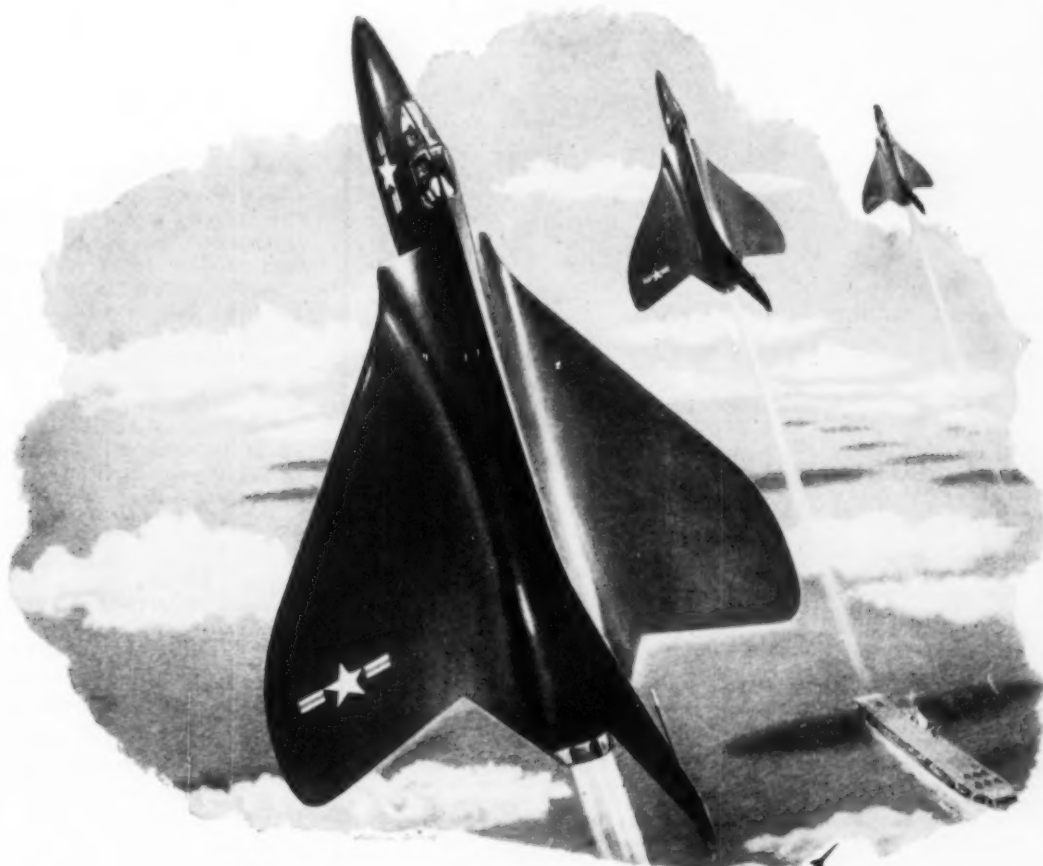
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Problem: to find a Navy interceptor to operate from aircraft carriers and meet the threat of today's fast jet bombers. Answer: the Douglas F4D Skyray.

With its mighty power plant and radical swept-back wings, Skyray zooms into action at blazing speed. Minutes

after radar warning, it's off the deck and on station—ready to intercept approaching aircraft with a lethal load of bullets and rockets. Yet for all its power and speed, this agile interceptor lands at low speeds—is perfectly adapted to requirements of present carriers.

Performance of the U. S. Navy's F4D Skyray is another example of Douglas leadership in aviation. Developing both military and civilian planes that can be produced in quantity—to fly faster and farther with a bigger payload—is the basic rule of Douglas design.



Depend on **DOUGLAS**



First in Aviation

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WEST COAST REPRESENTATIVE: MSgt. J. W. Richardson.

FAR EASTERN STAFF: MSgts. Robert T. Fugate and Harold B. Wells.

Sound Off



COMBAT PAY

Dear Sir:

On this Combat Pay, you say that we have to be attached to a combat unit to be eligible for Combat Pay. Well, there are three of us not attached to combat units, but we run a Mobile Souvenir Bus from Service Battalion (forward) up to the regiments. We serve the battalion, companies, and even platoon level at the front. We are issued Flak-Jackets and stay with the regiments up to 25 days a month.

What we would like to know is; why don't we get Combat Pay?

Sgt. Emmet E. Scott

Pfc Harold T. Knox

Pfc Charles R. Taylor

HqCo., First Service Bn.

1st Marine Division, FMF

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● You do not have to be attached to a combat unit to draw Combat Pay. You do, however, have to be subjected to enemy hostile ground fire for at least six days during the same month to draw Combat Pay for that month.

If your unit is not designated as a combat unit, but you have been (or are being) fired upon for at least six days of the month, we suggest you fill out form DD-667 and submit it to your commanding officer. Be sure to include all pertinent dates, location, and the nature of your duties when you were subjected to enemy fire.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41)

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

FUTURE heroes arrive at a Marine boot camp for indoctrination into the ways of the Corps. Everybody is impressed by these "people" except the DI, who would do well to save his lungs. He'll create his lasting impression later. Nostalgia by George Booth, former Leatherneck Staff Artist.

The crowning treat
in smoking pleasure ...
Now King Size!



IN THE REALM of good taste, a new sovereign reigns—King Size OLD GOLD . . . with the finest taste ever put into a king size cigarette!

Here's the crowning treat of them all! A taste treat so different that it has made OLD GOLD the fastest growing of all leading "regular" cigarettes . . . last year and every year for the past five years.

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offers you this assurance: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than OLD GOLD. You can count on that, because this conclusion was established on evidence by the United States Government.

So . . . smoke OLD GOLD for a treat instead of a treatment, now Regular and KING SIZE!

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Star of Old Gold's television
show "Chance of a Lifetime"



It Lights



Without Fail



(Or We Repair it Free)



... Forever!

Remember, a Zippo makes a grand gift, too!



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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

PUERTO RICANS' STATUS

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate it very much if you would settle a controversy among us concerning the Puerto Rican release status. Is it true that we get transferred to Puerto Rico about a month prior to our discharge? I am very much confused on this. Please set me straight.

Pfc Ralph Santos
Weapons Company, 1st Bn.
9th Marines, 3rd Mar. Div. FMF
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

● *Marines who were enlisted or inducted in Puerto Rico will be transferred to Marine Barracks, San Juan, Puerto Rico some time prior to their discharge.*

Those who were enlisted or inducted in the Territory of Hawaii will be transferred to Marine Barracks, Naval Shipyard, Pearl Harbor, T. H., prior to discharge.—Ed.

BASILONE'S WIFE

Dear Sir:

I have a small wager with a former Sailor who claims to have all the answers, so please answer my question in your column.

The question is whether or not Marine Sergeant John Basilone, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, was married to a Lady Marine? I say he was.

William T. Shader
Cliffwood Road

Chester, N. J.

● *Sergeant John Basilone was married to a Woman Marine in July, 1944. Her former name and rank was Sergeant Lena Mae Riggs, USMCWR.—Ed.*

MARINE BAND RECORDINGS

Dear Sir:

My husband and I have attempted to purchase records by the U. S. Marine Corps Band but, according to local music stores, there are none available. We would like to know if the band has made any recordings of Sousa's marches. If so, how may they be obtained?

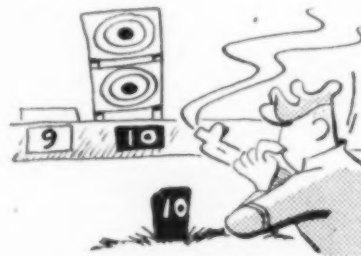
Mrs. John A. Guidici
1270 Washington Street
Santa Clara, Calif.

● *The Marine Corps Band has not made recordings since 1928. Sousa's marches are now considered to be collectors' items.—Ed.*

TWICE FOR RECORD

Dear Sir:

A very good buddy of mine has just come off the rifle range with a score of 207, but he did not fire that on qualification day. On qualification day he fired 242 and the rifle range officer and coaches couldn't believe this was the correct score, so they began to check targets. They had the two men who pulled the target look for it—with no results. When my buddy returned to the rifle range that afternoon to turn in his shooting gear, they said that the target had been found. Now, how could the range officer find the target when the target pullers couldn't? There were no markings of any kind on it. They claim that there were torn places on it, but I was also firing that day, and practically all targets were torn in some way.



Another thing, there was also a difference between the line score and the butts score. The line score was 241 and the butts score was 242. The range score is 240. The question is: If this man had fired 235, 240 or 245 before record day and then fired 150 on qualification day, would they make him fire over? I don't think so. Then why, when he fires a good score, should they take it away from him?

When his page six came from the range, they had him marked with a 207. How could they give him that score when it was the day after qualification? In my opinion his score should have been 242.

Name withheld by request

● *Chapter 24, Paragraph 24358 (1), Marine Corps Manual states: "An officer or enlisted man will be afforded only one opportunity in any target year to qualify or requalify in the marksmanship course prescribed for the individual weapon which he is required to use." Thus, the score fired on record day should have been entered in the serviceman's record book.*

For further information, we suggest that your friend consult his commanding officer.—Ed.

COLD STEEL

Dear Sir:

I would appreciate it if you could
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6)

Thirst, too, seeks quality

Have a Coke



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Here's YOUR SHINE OF SHINES!

Griffin Boot Polish, the shining star with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on TV's Your Show of Shows.



—a completely new stain boot polish with the deeper, richer, jewel-like brilliance.



The first brush stroke shines it. Lasts days longer. The finest service shine, developed by

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GRIFFIN

BOOT POLISH



A NEW FINER STAIN BOOT POLISH **25¢**

GRIFFIN

BOOT POLISH
with
MICROSHEEN

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 4]

tell me where I may obtain a knife like the one Mr. Styers used in "Cold Steel." I have been looking for this type of knife for a long time but have been unsuccessful so far.

Roy VanOrman
Box 72

Mobridge, S. D.

● Mr. Styers tells us that the "Bowie Knife" is not standard stock and is not sold commercially. However, you may have a similar knife made to order by Randall Knives, Orlando, Florida.

—Ed.

EXTENDED ACTIVE DUTY

Dear Sir:

I joined the active Marine Corps Reserves on January 2, 1952. At the time I enlisted, I was told that I would have to serve 18 months on active duty. Now I understand that I must serve 24 months on active duty. Please give me any information that you may have on this matter.

Pfc James B. Hall, USMCR
Serv. Co., 2d Eng. Bn.
2d Mar. Div., FMF

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● If you have no previous Marine Corps service, you will be required to serve 24 months on active duty.—Ed.

OVERSEAS DUTY

Dear Sir:

I was reading "Sound Off" in the April issue of *Leatherneck* and saw where a Marine's wife had a question answered. I, also, being a Marine's wife, and a steady reader of *Leatherneck*, would like for you to answer my question.

My husband has nine months left to serve on his present tour of duty. Is there any chance of him being sent to Korea, or to any other overseas duty?

I have asked several Marines about this and each one gave me a different answer. One says that they won't send him to Korea with less than one year to serve; another says it's eight months. If any, what is the minimum number of months required to keep a boy from going to Korea?

Lucille Ayers
617 Main Street

Dover, Ohio

● Marine Corps Memorandum Number 13-53, Paragraph 3 (d) says: "Regular enlisted personnel of the rank of sergeant and below, reservists on ex-

tended active duty and USMC-SS personnel in all ranks, must have a minimum of one year of obligated service on the effective date of orders transferring them from the organization to which they have been regularly assigned at their duty station within the United States to a port of embarkation, or to another organization for training or processing and further transportation overseas."

It further states: "No enlisted man coming within the purview of this subparagraph will be eligible for overseas duty if his obligated active service is less than eight months upon the anticipated date of sailing."—Ed.

CONFEDERATE MARINES

Dear Sir:

Nothing more has stirred the souls of those salty sons south of the Mason-Dixon line than Sergeant Vance Bristow's salute to those gallant Confederate Marines which appeared in the April, 1953, issue of *Leatherneck*.

For Sgt. Bristow, a thundering roar of 10,000 Rebel yells and the Legion of the ETE-WAH. Hold the phone; stop the music; and save those Confederate dollars—'cause the South is going to rise again. Break out the guard, fix bayonets and come to the ready.

Sgt. Warren E. Bosworth
DI Section, MCRD

(Colonel, Confederate Horse Marines, dismounted)

Parris Island, S. C.

● Sergeant Bristow thanks you, suh, for the kind compliment.—Ed.



LEATHERNECK LAFFS

Dear Sir:

In my five years in the Marine Corps I've always enjoyed reading the *Leatherneck* and especially the *Leatherneck Laffs*. I have always found them to be quite humorous. But this last *Leatherneck Laffs* (April) about the Confederate States Marine Corps was really a corker. I found it really humorous. I have lived in the South all my life and find there was a lot

of truth in Sergeant Bristow's cartoon about the South. Now, I, and the rest of my buddies from the South who are in my outfit, would like to see what kind of cartoon Sgt. Bristow could turn out about the "Union States" Marine Corps. I imagine that would be funny. Laffs is what you want, isn't it?

Name withheld by request

● *Sergeant Vance (Don't Shoot-I'm-From-Mississippi)* Bristow says he's planning a dangerous mission above the Mason-Dixon line "to see what them northerners look like."—Ed.

IN DOUBT

Dear Sir:

I am on Rest and Rehabilitation leave in Japan at the present time and it has come to my attention that a lot of the men have different opinions on what ribbons they should wear and the number of stars they rate.

I came to Korea on April 20, 1952, and will be leaving about May, 1953. I would certainly appreciate it if you will square me away on what ribbons I can wear and how many stars?

Also, do Marines wear the Army Presidential Unit Citation and the Korean Presidential Unit Citation?

Pfc John E. Pace

Marine Aircraft Base Sqdn. 33
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● Records at HQMC show that you are entitled to the Korean Service Medal with two bronze stars and the United Nations Service Medal.

The Presidential Unit Citation awarded the First Marine Division, Reinforced, is for service in Korea from September 15 to October 11, 1950. You are not entitled to this award since you were not there at that time.

The Army Distinguished Unit Citation was awarded the members of the First Marine Aircraft Wing for service in Korea from November 22, 1950, to December 14, 1950.

The Congressional authorization for the acceptance of the Presidential Unit Citation awarded by the President of the Republic of Korea to the First Marine Division, the First Provisional Marine Brigade and the First Marine Aircraft Wing is pending; therefore, the wearing of the ribbon bar on the Marine Corps uniform is not authorized to date.—Ed.

ARMED FORCES RESERVE MEDAL

Dear Sir:

On the current charts of Decorations and Ribbons now on display in the Marine Corps Exchange here in Miami, there is one ribbon shown as the Armed Forces Reserve Ribbon. I have had several inquiries from members of Marine Fighter Squadron 142, and the

TURN PAGE



shake it on
every morning
then...every step of the day

QUINSANA FIGHTS ATHLETES FOOT INFECTION

Not a part-time, night-time remedy!

• QUINSANA's full-time action fights athletes foot all day long. Gives fast relief. 9 out of 10 users report amazing results.

• 91 per cent of foot specialists interviewed used QUINSANA on their patients. Easy to use, and no nasty medicinal odor.

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Soothes, cools tired feet!





The shine that keeps leather alive

Kiwi gives far more than a brilliant shine. Kiwi goes deep down into the pores. It softens and nourishes the leather . . . brings it back to life. Kiwi gives your shoes a glow of health that makes them look better, helps make them last longer. All colors. Also, new KIWI WHITE SHOE CLEANER.



(Kee-Wee)

KIWI shoe polish

THE POLISH OTHERS TRY TO BE "JUST AS GOOD AS"

• Brown • Black • Ox Blood • Mahogany • Dark Tan • Mid-Tan • Tan • Cordovan • Blue • Red • Neutral •

SOUND OFF (cont.)

Reserve Squadron of Miami, as to just what this ribbon is and, just who may wear it.

I have tried the Post Exchange Office, Marine Corps Manual, Landing Party Manual and just about everything I could think of to come up with an answer for them, but to no avail.

If you have any information on this ribbon please forward it to us.

TSgt. Marion C. Barnes
VMF 142, Marine Air Reserve
Training Command, MCAS
Miami, Florida

● The ribbon in question is the Armed Forces Reserve Ribbon. The medal has not yet been cast, but authorized persons may wear the ribbon bar.

The ribbon and medal are authorized for those who have completed ten years of honorable service performed within a period of 12 consecutive years in one or more reserve components of the Armed Forces of the United States and have earned a total of 50 retirement points each year since July 1, 1949.

For further information, see Navy Department, Headquarters Marine Corps and Bureau of Naval Personnel Joint Letter P15 (AFR) Pers-B4B-MAC/jh dated October 15, 1951.—Ed.

REENLIST WITH DEPENDENTS?

Dear Sir:

I tried to reenlist in the Marine Corps the first part of this year but the recruiting sergeant said that the Corps was not taking men who are married with two dependents. Do you have any information on this?

I am an ex-Marine but now belong to the Kansas National Guard. I served during World War II from December, 1943, to March, 1946.

If you can send me any information on the different kind of drills which would be suitable for a drill team, I would sure appreciate it. I will either pay for the booklet or whatever the cost is to obtain this information.

Jack D. Rathbun
Route No. 2

Geneseo, Kansas

● Under present policy, two dependents will not prevent your reenlistment in the Marine Corps, provided you meet all other requirements. We suggest you contact the recruiting sergeant again and read Advance Change Letter No. 5 to Change No. 4 of Paragraph 5419-6 (b), Marine Corps Manual.

The Leatherneck Bookshop carries a wide selection of books on drills and ceremonies. However, for special drills, we recommend the book entitled

A Couple of Smoothies!



EDGEWORTH "POUCH" Super-mild blend of Kentucky white burleys!

*America's
Finest Pipe Tobacco!*



HOLIDAY "POUCH" Aromatic pipe mixture of 5 famous tobaccos!

*America's
Finest Aromatic Mixture!*

The only tobaccos sold in real, wrap-around pouches—to fit smooth and neat in your uniform!

Edgeworth and Holiday smoke smooth and cool in your pipe!

"The Cadence System Of Teaching Close Order Drill," by Colonel Bernard Lentz, USA (Ret). You may obtain this book through the Leatherneck Bookshop for \$1.00, postage prepaid.
—Ed.

THIRD DIVISION

Dear Editor:

The piece on the Third Division in your March, 1953, issue by Master Sergeant Spencer D. Gartz, contains so many errors of fact about the history of the Third Marine Division and its component elements that it becomes unpleasantly obvious that the author neither consulted the Division records nor discussed the Division history with anyone well informed about it.

The Third Marine Division was activated at Camp Elliott, Calif., on September 16, 1942, (not in New Zealand as alleged) with the Third Marines (not present) the Ninth Marines at Camp Pendleton, the Twelfth Marines mostly in the desert and some Division Special Troops and Service Troops, scattered but largely at Camp Elliott. As I recall, initially it was intended that the Twenty-third Marines would join the Third Marine Division, but the Twenty-first Marines shaped up more rapidly and so became the Third Infantry Regiment later in the fall. In any case, the Twenty-first Marines joined the Third Marine Division physically later that autumn, coming from New River.

The Third Marine Division staff was drawn largely from the Second Marine Division staff, Second Marine Division Headquarters being at Camp Elliott at that time . . .

Major Harold J. Noble, USMC
1819 Alona Street

Santa Ana, Calif.

● Master Sergeant Gartz says that he has made a recheck and he still insists that the Division was formed and disbanded "without ever touching the shores of the U. S."

Sergeant Gartz admits, however, that he used the term "activated" when he should have said the division "formed" in New Zealand.—Ed.

KOREAN PUC

Dear Sir:

Recently the First Marine Division was awarded the Korean Presidential Unit Citation. However, there is a lot of scuttlebutt going around that Division men can't wear the decoration. In view of the fact that the Marine Brigade in World War I received a French decoration, I can't see any truth in this matter.

If we are authorized to wear the decoration, in what order would it be worn?

There is one other problem that
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)



On A Dull Detail? Treat yourself to lively-flavored WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

It's a good way to give yourself a "break" while working! Helps make work go faster because it really satisfies your yen for "something good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your

taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

KEEP A
PACK
IN YOUR
POCKET



AH 63

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TAILOR AND HABERDASHER QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Specializing in Evening Clothes Servicing Marines both Overseas
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Uniforms made to measure. Delivery
time ranges from three to thirty days

Engraved Cards
Available With Plate

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Immediate Delivery

Campaign ribbons sewn by hand in our shop

BULLETIN BOARD

Consolidation

On April 1 the Marine Corps consolidated its recruiting, Reserve and officer procurement offices throughout the country. The move was made to save money and manpower, according to an announcement by HQMC.

The three programs were joined under seven new Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District Headquarters, located in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago and San Francisco. Previously there were 10 Reserve districts and six recruiting area headquarters.

District level activities, formerly at New York City, have been consolidated under the new command at Boston; Los Angeles and Seattle Reserve district headquarters were consolidated at the new San Francisco command.

It is estimated that, in addition to a monetary saving, 75 Marines will be freed for other duties. Meanwhile, a more efficient administration of all activities will be possible.

Oregon Veterans' Benefits

Although paying no bonus to veterans of the Korean conflict, the State of Oregon has made numerous other benefits available to them, according to the Oregon Department of Veterans' Affairs.

Oregon has extended the War II veterans' home and farm loan benefits to veterans of honorable service since June 25, 1950; state educational aid benefits to such veterans who have served in Korea; and the \$1500 state property tax exemption to veterans of service in the current emergency who are 40 per cent or more disabled, or to the widows of deceased veterans of the current emergency.

A pamphlet entitled "Veterans' Laws of the State of Oregon" is available to those who write the Department of Veterans' Affairs, Salem, Oregon.

POW Treatment

Preferential treatment for any sick

or wounded U.S. Marines who were among prisoners of war repatriated by the Chinese Reds was recently authorized by General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., Commandant of the Marine Corps.

Marines who require no hospitalization will be permitted to choose their own next duty station and will be given whatever promotions they may have missed while they were held prisoners. Under the law, in the case of officers, a physical examination would have to be passed before the promotion could be effected.

In addition, returned Marine prison-



ers will be permitted to draw any or all of their accumulated pay.

Those who do not require hospitalization will have 30 days convalescent leave enroute to the duty station of their choice. Those who are still patients will rate their entire accrued leave on their way to the next duty station as soon as they are declared fit.

Strict orders direct the elimination of any delaying paper work.

Conventions

Second Marine Division. Colonel Raymond L. Murray, President of the Second Marine Division Association has announced plans to hold the organization's annual reunion at the Statler Hotel in St. Louis, Mo., during July 17-18-19.

Inquiries should be directed to Mr. Michael A. Boyle, 7 Springbrook Place,

St. Louis 19, Mo., Reunion Committee Chairman.

Membership in the Association is open to all men who served with the Second Marine Division in War II.

Fifth Marine Division. The Fifth Marine Division Association will hold its convention in Boston June 26-27-28 at the Statler Hotel.

Colonel F. A. Stevens, Room 1138, 140 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass., Convention Committee Chairman, is in charge of reservations.

Membership in the Association is open to anyone who served with the Division in War II and includes numerous members of the other services.

American Ex-Prisoners of War. The Sixth National Convention of American Ex-Prisoners of War will be held at Oklahoma City, Okla., on June 4-5-6. Headquarters will be at the Biltmore Hotel, with the Oklahoma Chapter acting as host.

Approximately 132,000 Ex-Prisoners of War or next of kin are eligible for membership in this organization. This includes many who are still in service.

New Monographs

The Campaign On New Britain and Marines In The Central Solomons, most recent monographs prepared by the Historical Branch of HQMC, are now available free to Purple Heart veterans of the respective campaigns.

Lieutenant Colonel Frank O. Hough and Major John A. Crown are co-authors of The Campaign On New Britain. Major John N. Rentz wrote Marines In The Central Solomons.

Purple Heart winners of the campaigns may obtain either or both of the monographs by writing to Headquarters Marine Corps (Code A03D), Washington 25, D. C.

Others may purchase copies from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. The Campaign On New Britain, catalog number D214.2:N42B, is priced at \$3.75. Marines In The Central Solomons, catalog number D214.2:S04, sells for \$2.75.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 9]

crosses my mind at present. It is about COG time. At this time, is there any extension planned for enlistments expiring in 1954?

Could you please square me away on both of these subjects? It will be greatly appreciated.

Sgt. John W. Gardner
3d Bn., 1st Marines
1st Mar. Div., FMF.

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● The Korean Presidential Unit Citation which was awarded by the President of the Republic of Korea to the First Marine Division, the First Provisional Marine Brigade and the First Marine Aircraft Wing is pending Congressional action. It is not authorized for wear on the Marine Corps uniform at this time.

It is not likely that your enlistment will be extended in 1954, unless there is a declaration of war or national emergency.—Ed.

UNIFORM DESIGNATION

Dear Sir:

Having read the March, 1953, issue of *Leatherneck*, we would like explained to us the official designation of the uniform worn by Corporal Currier (picture on page 60). With a combination of Blue cap cover and White belt, it has brought much discussion among us and former Marines in our area. According to our combined knowledge, he is actually out of uniform. Please set us straight.

TSgt. Paul V. Beausoleil,
SSgt. Vincent A. Sordello

USMC Recruiting Sub Station
Butte, Montana

● Chapter 49, *Marine Corps Manual* (Advanced Change Letter No. 10 to Change No. 4, Figure 49-3) describes the uniform in question as Blue Undress "A" when prescribed for duty and ceremony.—Ed.

USS PANAY

Dear Sir:

On what date was the Panay gunboat sunk in Chinese waters? Also, we would like to know the date that the Sixth Marines landed in China.

Names withheld by request

● The USS Panay was sunk by Japanese planes on December 12, 1937.

The Sixth Marines first arrived in Shanghai, China, on May 2, 1927. They disbanded March 31, 1929, but reactivated in 1935 and returned to Shanghai September 20, 1937.—Ed.

END

TERRIFIC...

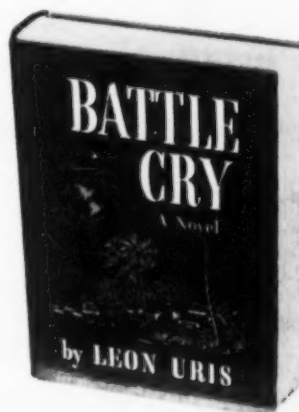
With a capital M — for Marines

RUGGED...

With a capital M — for Marines

... were the hard-fighting, hard-loving men of "Highpockets" Huxley's battalion. Their story, as told in this great new novel, is being hailed across the nation as THE novel of the U. S. Marines. It has been compared favorably to such outstanding war novels as *The Caine Mutiny*, *The Naked and the Dead*, and *From Here to Eternity*, but reviewer after reviewer has pointed out that this novel is different; that this novel is magnificent, as the Corps is magnificent; that this is the Marines' own story; that no Marine can afford to miss it.

"Rugged and raw but so were the Marines and the reader gets the feeling the word 'glory' should be somewhere in the title. It is bawdy when necessary and few four-letter words are missing, but as a story of the Marines and what makes them Marines it is excellent reading."—*United Press*



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Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

C. E. (Mike) Dowd, Apt. 3, #3 Carroll St., Hammond, Ind., to hear from Caribou Johnson, Jack Mills, Charles Gulliford, Ray Lewis, Tom DeVilbiss, Mike Hogen, "Slash" R. C.

McGlashan, Jim Sperry and Grady Everson. He wishes to invite the foregoing on a short liberty before going into the deep reaches of Somaliland.

Mrs. Joan Snyder, Rt. #5, Parkersburg, W. Va., to hear from Corp. Dorothy Townsend, or from anyone knowing her present whereabouts.

James B. Peebles, Box 187, Rock Island, Texas, would like to hear from former Pfc Johnny Houston who served with Intelligence Section, 1st Bn., 23rd Marines, 4th Mar. Div.

SSgt. John J. Winstanley of "C" Btry., 2nd AAA-AW Bn., FMF, Tent Camp, Camp Lejeune, N.C., would like to contact 1stLt. R. O. Arrington whose last known address was Navy 3923, FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. Eunice C. Hayden, 362-B Singleton St., Alameda, Calif., to hear



"How many invasions did you say he was on?"

from anyone who served with her son, Pfc James A. Hayden, reported killed while serving with "C" Co., 1st Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Mrs. Helen Burnett, 1735 S. 18th St., St. Louis, Mo., would like to hear from anyone who served with her husband, Pfc Ira E. Burnett, in "E" Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div., reported missing in action in Korea.

Wm. R. Rozier, 2nd & Ash Sts., Cochran, Ga., would like to get in touch with Joseph G. Vaughn.

Mrs. Dona Taylor, RR #1, Ewing, Va., would like to hear from anyone who was with her son, Pfc Paul K. Taylor, who was KIA at Yudam-Ni while serving with "C" Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines.

Chester P. Dempkawski, 515 East Main St., Bridgeport 8, Conn., is trying to contact Corp. Dan E. Foiles, whose last known address was "C" Co., 1st Tank Bn., 1st Marine Div.

Mr. and Mrs. James Tobin, 1248 Beach Ave., Bronx 72, N.Y.C., N.Y., would like to hear from anyone who knew their son, Pfc James E. Tobin, KIA while serving with "A" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., in Korea.

John C. Carroll, 139 East 35th St., N.Y.C. 16, N.Y., would like to hear from Corp. Ralph C. Krupka, SSgt. John R. Alexander and Sgt. Truman Blizzard.

Gaylord Leach, Warehouse Div., Okinawa Eng. Dist., APO 331, c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif., has pictures of modern Okinawa for any buddies who served with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 29th Marines during the invasion.

Sgt. Edward A. Schmidt, MB, U. S. Naval Ordnance Plant, Indianapolis 19, Ind., to hear from Sgt. Harry G. Carroll, Kansas City, Kans., and Yo Yo Hagwood, Trinity, Tex., who served with him in Wpns. Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. in Korea.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Pfc Charles B. Woods who went overseas with the 13th Replacement Draft and served with 3rd Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div. from Oct. '51 to Sept. '52, please notify Sgt. Tom Prezorski, 2nd Mar. Div. Rifle and Pistol Team, Rifle Range, Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Miss Patricia M. Kavanaugh, 124
TURN PAGE



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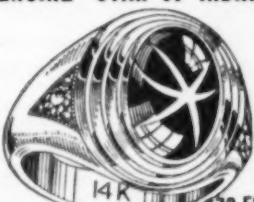


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MAIL CALL (cont.)

Clinton Ave., Clinton, N. J., to hear from Lt. A. R. Mooney, formerly of "G" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Charles M. Bennett, Rt. #1, King, N. C., to hear from 2nd Lt. Noland who went to Korea in the 22nd draft.

Mr. & Mrs. Cleben Wilkenson, Box 81, Ponder, Tex., to hear from anyone who has information concerning their son, Pfc Eddie W. Wilkenson, who was reported MIA in Korea Oct. 7, '52. He served with "I" Co., 3rd Bn., 7th Marines.

Sgt. Clinton C. Hall, Jr., of the I&I Staff, 1st Dep Sup Bn, USNB, Norfolk, Va., would like to hear from anyone who served with him in the 3rd Gd. Det., Vieques Island, P.R., from Dec., 1950, to June, 1951, or anyone knowing the whereabouts of SSgt. Robert L. Mackey and Sgt. Barry Cremin, formerly of Camp Lejeune and Cherry Point.

Corp. Harold A. Martin, Marine Corps Depot of Supplies, Phila., Penna., would like to hear from Sgts. Donald Wilkinson, Robert E. Cook and TSgt. George F. Tolar; or anyone who served with him in Korea or Fort Mifflin, Phila.

Miss Bernie Trudell, 1029 4th St., Hudson, Wis., to hear from anyone having information about Pfc Bert Gaspord, Fox Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Jean Steppe, 6761 SE Irvine Blvd., Santa Ana, Calif., to hear from anyone knowing her brother, Pfc Jack R. Eaton, KIA while serving with Weapons Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Marine Div. in Korea.

Miss Patricia Hatz, 152 S. Sycamore St., Los Angeles, Calif., would like to hear from anyone serving with or having any information concerning Ted E. Paillette reported missing in action while serving with "C" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines in Korea.

Pfc Robert J. Lopinski, Ward 85-S, U.S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill., to hear from Pfc James Flynn, with whom he served at the Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va. Flynn is believed to be stationed in French Morocco.

END

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VEGAS, RENO

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



AND CARSON

THE THREE HILLS, Vegas, Reno, and Carson, command an ancient invasion route to Seoul. The Great Khan had flung his Golden Horde down the grassy corridor when he conquered that corner of Asia centuries ago. North Koreans bullied their way across the 38th Parallel near there three years ago when the road was thinly but savagely defended. Now the Chinese Communists were knocking at the gateway.

Astride the three strategic crests were United States Marines, dug in forward of their own main line of resistance. They were there to enforce a doctrine which said in effect, "Thou shalt not pass!"

Marines named the three hills for gambling towns, but when the chips were down Red was a losing color.

The trio of peaks under Marine surveillance were christened by logic and were named after three of Nevada's largest gaming centers. The Marines maintained that it was a wide-open gamble to be there.

It was the Chinese, though, who gambled—and lost. In early spring they decided that the odds were strictly theirs. They highballed down the road. But they did not pass.

The names, Vegas, Carson and Reno
TURN PAGE



Members of the 2nd Battalion, 5th Marines, take "ten" for a quick breather after returning from an

attack on outpost "Vegas." Chow, cigarettes and a short rest helped relieve tension of weary men

Photo by Corp. Jack W. Weber



Photo by SSgt. Gerald Chambers
Baker Battery, 1st Battalion, 11th Marines, prepare ammunition for a barrage on Vegas. Their big guns spoke convincingly to the Reds

The outposts were about 1500 yards forward of the Fifth Marines' front line. Vegas, on the right, was the tallest of the three. Between Reno and Vegas was a small hill called the Reno Block, a defensive position manned every night by a reinforced squad. Dusk fell. The squad waited for the welcome protection of darkness before moving up to the Block. The other posts were held by composite platoons of rifle and weapons company personnel.

Suddenly, at 1900, the quiet calm of the evening was shattered when all three outposts were blanketed with a barrage of enemy artillery, mortar and small arms fire. The chips were down as an estimated two battalions of Reds attacked our outlying positions. And for the next five days, battles exploded as screaming Chinese and stubborn Marines clashed around the untouchable area of Panmunjom. The Com-mies wanted this particular piece of real estate. Its commanding heights afforded them an excellent view right down our throats. The Marines were determined to deny it to them.

Simultaneously, the Reds launched diversionary attacks of company size strength against Berlin and East Berlin, outposts farther to the east also occupied by Marines. Another attack by fire was directed on elements of the First Marine Regiment which manned the left flank of the First Marine Division line.

Throughout the night the sky was

VEGAS, RENO, CARSON (cont.)



will pass, however, into a history book which has been in the writing since 1775. These hilltop battles, fought with indescribable fury, took their place beside Belleau Wood, Bloody Ridge, Suribachi and Chosin.

The night of March 25th was clear and almost warm for that month of the year in Korea. Although the half moon hadn't risen in the eastern sky, darkness gave no indication to the Marines manning the three outposts that this night would be unlike any other night. Yet, before the moon rode high, one of the most tenacious battles Marines were ever to fight would erupt.



Photo by SSgt. Gerald Chambers
A Marine crawls through one of the hastily dug trenches on Vegas after we regained the outpost. Reds clung to forward part of the hill

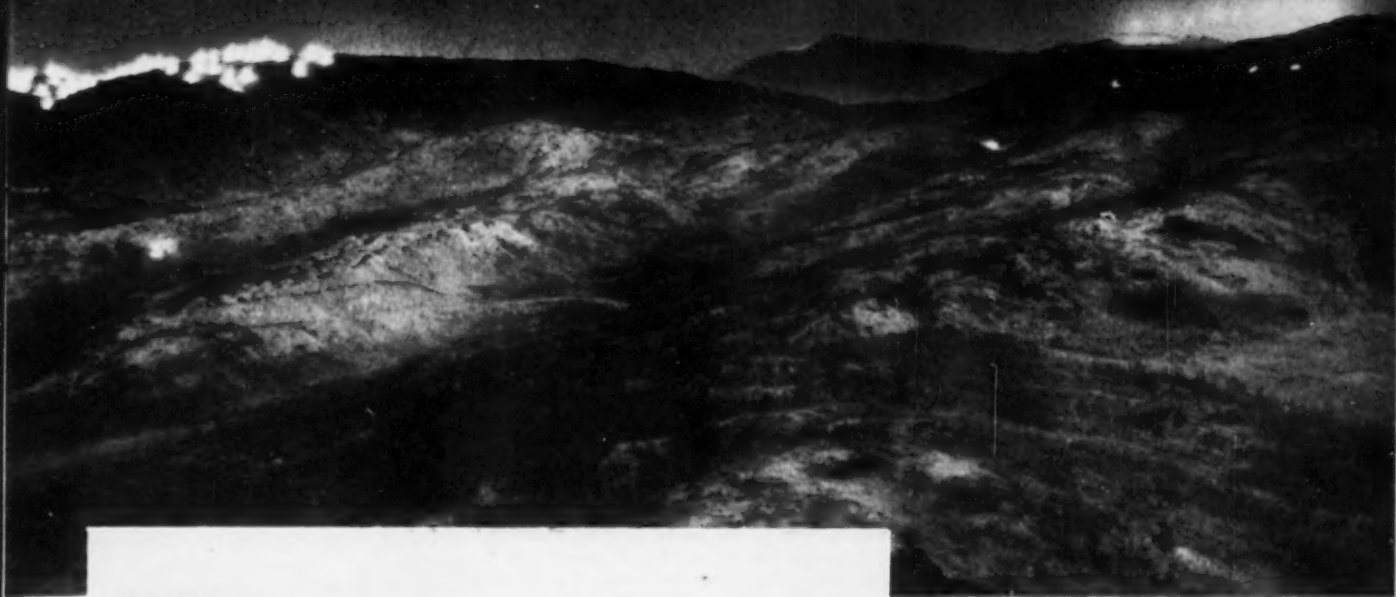


Photo by SSgt. C. J. Perea

Rocket ripple hits Red position in attempt to stop troop build-up

ablaze with artillery and mortar fire. Incoming peppered the outposts and approaches leading to them. The enemy also directed counter battery fire against Marine supporting artillery and pounded the main service routes leading to the area in an attempt to prevent supplies and reinforcements from getting through. Battalion command posts on the MLR took a shellacking that tore up ground communication lines. Radio contact was maintained with the outposts but at times, even that went dead. As the night wore on, Marines and Chinese grappled in savage hand to hand fighting in trench lines on Reno and Carson. At midnight, the situation was in doubt. An immediate counter-attack was launched by the Marines in order to reach the embattled positions.

Enemy artillery fire on supply routes to the blazing front made it difficult to support the hard pressed Marines. Torrential rains had turned road beds into quagmires. By 0300 the following morning, reinforcements had been unable to reach the beleaguered outposts. For three hours, relief columns clawed their way through swampy rice paddies and crawled up muddy slopes that led from the MLR to the outposts. Whining shrapnel and enemy ambush patrols tried to stop the reinforcements from reaching their objectives. The counter-attack was temporarily called off and

TURN PAGE



Photo by Corp. Jack W. Weber

Ammo for 4.2 mortars is supplied for supporting fire during assault on Vegas. Heavy fire stopped trucks; men with carts did the job

VEGAS, RENO, CARSON (cont.)



the Marines were brought back to the MLR.

At approximately 2320 the attack started with Captain John B. Melvin, "D" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, leading the assault. Advancing against almost insurmountable odds, they inched their way ahead. Forward elements got within 150 yards of the top of Vegas but terrific casualties forced the company to stop and hold the ground they had taken. "Easy" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, under the command of Captain Herbert M. Lorence, attempted to move out, but they received such heavy casualties that they, too, were forced to discontinue and move into "D" Company positions.

During the early morning hours of the 27th, the 2nd Battalion of the Seventh Marines came under the operational control of the Fifth Marines. "Easy" Company of that battalion, under Captain Glen W. Rodney, was also committed to this attack.

They crawled slowly forward against intense machine gun fire, and received incoming at the rate of two to three rounds per second. By nightfall, they reached the positions manned by "D" and "E" Companies and dug in for some needed rest. Thus relieved, "D" and "E" Companies returned to the MLR.

During these first 24 hours, the Fifth Marines' sector received an estimated 31,385 rounds of incoming while being

hit by approximately 12 to 15 enemy companies.

Capt. Melvin recalls that the incoming "literally rained on the troops." He said, "It was so intense at times that you couldn't move forward or backward. The Chinese 60-mm. mortars began to bother us about as much as firecrackers. It was the 120-mm. mortars and the 122-mm. artillery that hurt the most. The noise was deafening. They would start walking the mortars toward us from every direction possible. You could only hope that the next round wouldn't be on target."

Shortly after 0400 the next morning, the tired men of the 2nd Battalion, Seventh Marines, renewed the attack. During the night, they had been subjected to a continuous barrage of grenades, small arms fire and artillery. The attack failed and the Marines again fell back to their positions, 150 yards from the top of Vegas.

Meanwhile, over on Reno, "F" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, was moving steadily forward. The enemy was giving them 76-mm. incoming at the rate of six to 10 rounds per second. "Fox" had moved out on the night of the 26th and had made it as far as the Reno Block. They cleared out all trenches on the approach and held to the Reno Block despite terrific casualties. They faced a full battalion of Reds.

Reno was soon termed untenable and "F" Company was ordered back to regroup and reorganize. They carried back all their dead and wounded.

On Vegas, Marine aircraft from the First Marine Aircraft Wing came in and clobbered the top with close air support. In 23 minutes they dumped 28 tons of bombs, thoroughly disrupting the enemy's defenses. Not one Marine was hit by this lethal barrage although the planes dropped their payload 150 yards in front of them.

Lieutenant General Franklin A. Hart, CG, FMF Pacific, who was visiting Marine installations in the Far East on a routine inspection, happened to be in Korea during this period. On the morning of the 28th, Gen. Hart accompanied Major General Edwin A. Pollock, CG, First Marine Division, on his regular daily visit to the front. Gen. Pollock visited the battle zone frequently and when he wasn't there personally, he was in direct contact with it at all times.

Another counterattack was made by Easy Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, who, during the early afternoon of the 28th, had come back from the MLR to rejoin the fracas. Their hard hitting assault brought them to the top of Vegas where they literally dug the Reds out of their defenses.

Staff Sergeant John J. (Trigger Jack) Williams was in command of the platoon that retook Vegas. He had previously been a mortar man with "Easy" but had been relieved of his duties because of a pending transfer to Japan. He went out with "Easy" Company after Second Lieutenant Edward Franz, leader of the first platoon was wounded and evacuated. Williams recalls Capt. Lorence calling him over and saying, "Take over the first platoon. We're going to take Vegas."

Capt. Lorence, Williams and two radio men made a brief reconnaissance of the area. Williams remembers that Capt. Lorence said, "There's the hill. Your platoon is over to the right. Let's go!"

When Williams got to his platoon he discovered that only 27 men were left. The rest had been wounded or killed. "Anyway," he said, "we moved out and went to the top with the second and third platoons right behind us. I radioed back that we had the hill and had taken a prisoner. We



UP Photo
Battle-weary Marines unload after successful assault on Vegas Hill. Fierce battle had raged for days



Photo by SSgt. Gerald Chambers
During the outpost battle, casualties were treated in aid station set up between Vegas and the MLR



Exhausted corpsmen of the First Marine Division wait for another load of wounded to be brought in

from the Vegas Hill area. Battle was reported to be one of the bloodiest of the Korean war to date

UP Photo

pulled him out of a collapsed bunker and sent him to the rear. The enemy started clobbering us and I only had 10 men left, but we stayed. We started digging, but fast, and hung on."

Someone was needed to lead "Fox" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, to support "Easy" Company. The platoon leader of the third platoon, Second Lieutenant Donald Colburn volunteered for the hazardous job. On the way back to "Fox" he was killed. Second Lieutenant Carl P. Brandt had the second platoon of "Easy" Company and Capt. Lorence called him on the field phone saying,

"Tell Sam he now has the third platoon." Sam was Staff Sergeant Samuel Zavodny.

When the three platoons of "Easy" Company merged on the top of Vegas, they counted noses to find that Williams had eight men left; Brandt had seven and Zavodny had 15. This total of 30 men out of a full company held Vegas!

Lieut. Brandt said, "We merged into one unit and the skipper called the signals."

"Fox" Company trotted out to Vegas that night. They started out with a full company and arrived with two

platoons. They relieved "Easy" Company.

Major Benjamin G. Lee, operations officer for the 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, took over command of Vegas.

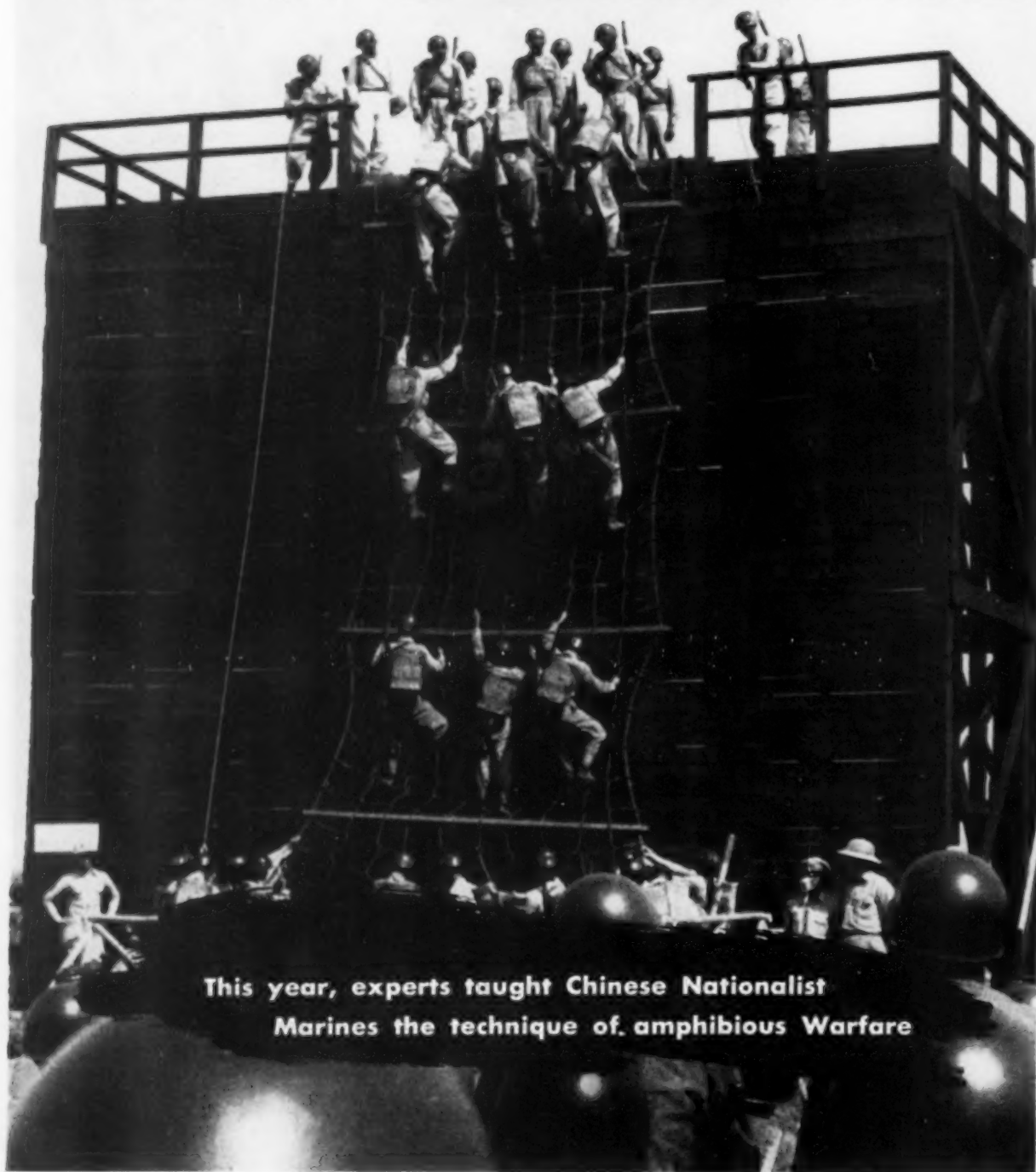
At 2000, Vegas reported heavy incoming. The enemy could be seen advancing on Vegas from Reno. The area was illuminated by a continuous stream of flares dropped from a plane flying overhead throughout the night.

Major Lee called to be "boxed in" by artillery. This was done immediately, killing many of the advancing Communies, but by 2130 that night, the enemy once (continued on page 74)

Troop Training Team

Photos by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Leatherneck Staff Photographer

by MSgt. Robert T. Fugate
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent



This year, experts taught Chinese Nationalist
Marines the technique of amphibious Warfare

Chinese Marines are taught
to waterproof a truck engine



IN FEBRUARY AND MARCH of this year a team of U. S. Marine Corps amphibious experts visited the island stronghold of Formosa. It was a friendly mission, but unfriendly newspapers and radio stations of the world tried to attach significance to the visit. Propaganda-laden Radio Moscow called the group of Marines "hired professional killers."

Shortly before the visit, President Eisenhower had de-neutralized the island fortress of the Chinese Nationalist Armies by withdrawing the 7th U. S. Fleet which had been guarding it. In the eyes of the waiting free world the way was now open for the Chinese Nationalists to move back to the Communist-held mainland of China.

The arrival of the Marine amphibious experts on Formosa shortly after the President's de-neutralizing order was a mere coincidence. The Troop Training Team of the Amphibious Group, Western Pacific, was doing its regularly assigned job. Months before the withdrawal of the 7th Fleet, the Commandant of the Chinese Marine Corps had requested a team of American Marines to instruct his troops on the technique of amphibious warfare.

His request went to the Commanding General, FMFPac, who forwarded it to Headquarters Marine Corps. After clearance with the Navy Department, State Department and other agencies in Washington, the TTT visit to Formosa was included on the team's 1953 tour of the Western Pacific.

Every year this team travels the Orient giving amphibious training, up to Regimental Combat Team or comparable level, for units of the U. S. Armed Forces stationed in the Western Pacific. This year the Chinese Nationalist Marine Corps was on the schedule.

The Troop Training Team is an outgrowth of the old Mobile Training Teams which have been in the Far East since the end of World War II. Mobile Training Team "Able," happened to be in the vicinity when the Korean War broke. Many members of that team were committed on the front to help stop the Red hordes. This same team trained some of the forces that made the Inchon landings. As early as 1946 teams of Marines had gone out from the States to train specific outfits.

TURN PAGE

Amphibious gear is often used
by TTT to illustrate lectures





First Lieutenant R. Maiden, in pith helmet, teaches Chinese Marines how to paddle a rubber boat. He instructs with the aid of interpreter

TROOP TRAINING TEAM (cont.)

The Troop Training Unit, located at Coronado, Calif., could be called the parent organization of the TTT. All of the TTT instructors are on temporary additional duty from TTU. Assigned on a yearly training schedule basis, these instructors, both officers and enlisted men, return to TTU after their swing through the Orient.

The structure of TTT is divided into two groups—the Team Headquarters and the Instructor Group. This organizational set-up separates the routine administrative matters, logistical support, planning, liaison duties and other non-training functions from the primary mission of training American and Allied troops in amphibious warfare tactics.

Team Headquarters, the permanent organization, is headed by Brigadier General William W. Davies, USMC. Four other officers and 15 enlisted men complete this headquarters. Until recently this headquarters traveled to and from the States on a TAD basis too. It was decided, however, that more continuity of planning and instruction, as well as a saving in money, could be brought about if a permanent set-up was established in the Far East.

On May 29, 1952, the Troop Training Team was authorized by the Chief of Naval Operations. Almost two years before, while the Mobile Training Teams were training Army personnel in the Far East, the Commander in Chief Far East placed a request with the Department of the Army stating that an Amphibious Training Center be established in the Far East.

During 1951 and the first part of 1952 Commander in Chief Pacific, Pacific Fleet; Commander Amphibious Force, Pacific Fleet; Commander Amphibious Training Command, Pacific Fleet; and Commanding General, Troop Training Unit, Pacific Fleet, submitted comments and recommendations on the organization and equipment needed to conduct amphibious training in the Far East Theater. The present set-up for TTT resulted from those recommendations and comments.

The Team was officially activated on July 10, 1952, and the Team Headquarters was located at Camp Chitose I, Hokkaido, Japan. Gen. Davies assumed command of the team at that time while they were instructing the Fifth Regimental Combat Team of the First Cavalry Division.

Since those early days the Team Headquarters has moved about many times but has finally come to rest at its present permanent home, Camp McGill, on the island of Honshu, Japan.

Like TTU, the team as it now stands is not an exclusive Marine show. Attached to the instructor group are Army and Navy officers—specialists in certain phases of amphibious operations.

Army Lieutenant Colonel Waldon C. Winston heads the planning section for the instructor group which serves as their G-3 office. During the last war he organized, trained and brought overseas the 540th Amphibious Tractor Battalion for the Army. He saw action with that outfit during the war and delved into amphibious landing technique. His NCOinC of the office is Army Master Sergeant Oscar E. Ward, a former Marine.

Naval officers teach the medical services school, Naval gun fire and assist on many of the other courses. Marine pilots attached to the team teach the use of air support and air protection on amphibious landings.

All wrapped up in a neat little package, the team of instructors is capable of indoctrinating a unit in one month in all the phases of amphibious warfare. The word "indoctrinating" was included in the official mission of the team after it was officially activated.

The original plan had included qualification of each Army unit trained. In order to do this it was estimated that approximately 45 days would have to be spent with the unit. Due to the tight training program the Army undergoes it was impossible to devote this much time to amphibious warfare alone. Consequently the training time was cut to 30 calendar days per unit and the mission function changed from "qualifying" to "indoctrinating" a unit.

As the team travels to the various Army units in the Far East it is a complete unit within itself. It carries a small office staff for routine correspondence. The present adjutant, Captain Cullen O. Henry, doubles as an instructor in the basic amphibious school. This double duty exists in all



departments, for each man is charged with instruction of students, in addition to maintenance of equipment.

The Motor Transport Section supplies and regulates all the vehicles used by the team wherever they go. It also teaches vehicle waterproofing to the RCTs. All of the enlisted men in this section are mechanics in addition to being instructors. Staff Sergeant Quincy O. Craig, section head, and Sergeant Louis M. Rosati, dispatcher, are permanent members of TTT but travel with the instructor group in their visits to the various Army units.

The Communications School has another permanent member of TTT as its NCOinC. Master Sergeant James C. Riddle holds down this job assisted by Master Sergeant Robert B. Richardson who is with the team on a TAD basis from TTU.

The school itself teaches student officers and selected NCOs signal communication principles and techniques peculiar to amphibious operations. It also demonstrates and instructs in the methods of waterproofing signal equipment that a RCT carries. Officer in Charge of this school is Major Robert W. Lever.

No form of instruction is complete without adequate and appropriate training aids. The training aids section for TTT is headed by Master Sergeant Palmer L. Lovette while Staff Sergeant Ernest Kovach acts as his assistant. Lieutenant (jg) Theodore W. Sottery, USNR, is the Officer in Charge.

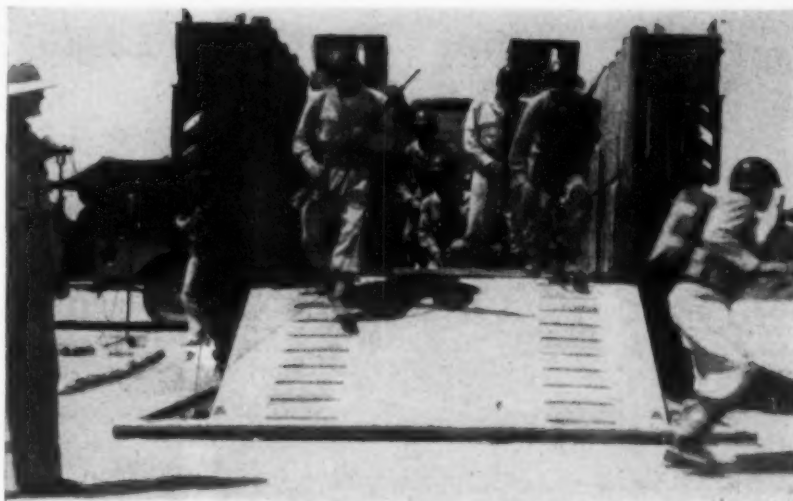
A friendly rivalry exists between Lovette, a permanent member of TTT, and Kovach. They are competing for the title of the most "Asiatic" Marine on the team. Kovach is presently ahead with four trips with a team under his belt while Lovette has three. However, Lovette points with pride to the fact that this tour of duty is his sixth in the Asiatics during his total 18 years



service. Neither man has reached the stage of swatting imaginary flies or turning off non-existent light bulbs, but some team members predict that the day will come.

An unusual aspect in training aids came up during the visit to Formosa. Each card, name, and training aid had to be duplicated in Chinese characters. Chinese interpreters were brought in to oversee the work done by Chinese enlisted men and check the aids for accuracy.

The entire course of instruction at Formosa had to be on a bilingual basis.



Capt. Cullen O. Henry watches Chinese troops make "dry run" from LVT. Later, same troops made actual beachhead during maneuvers

At least one interpreter was assigned to each school for instructional purposes. The instructor would give his lecture in English, speaking in short sentences or phrases. The interpreter standing by his side would translate each sentence into Chinese for the students.

For liaison purposes and as a check on the bilingual instruction, Headquarters Marine Corps assigned two Marine language experts to the team for the Formosa trip. It was the responsibility of these two officers, Majors John B. Bristow and George W. Carrington, Jr., to assign the Chinese interpreters to the various courses and instructors and to hold periodic checks on the interpreters to see that they were getting the points across to the students. They also did the official interpreting for the team, in addition to acting as liaison between the Chinese Marine Corps high command and the team.

Major Carrington applied for Chinese language school while in the Corps and was sent to the University of California for an 18 months' course in Mandarin Chinese—the official language of the Chinese Nationalists. Major Bristow attended the same class although he was an old "China hand." He was born in Shanghai while his father was stationed there with the Standard Oil Company. In all he has spent a total of 14 years in China.

Both these officers accompanied Marines into North China after World War II and put their "university" Chinese into practice as official interpreters for the Marine Corps.

In most cases the team travels to the Army unit that is to be instructed. Two exceptions to this rule are the

courses on embarkation and transport loading and the school on Naval gunfire. Both these classes are held at Camp McGill. The students travel to McGill to attend this instruction which convenes on the first Monday of each month and lasts for three-and-a-half weeks.

The team offers 11 special courses, encompassing all phases of an amphibious landing. These include a basic indoctrination course which starts each series of instructions. It is set up to familiarize all officers and select NCOs of a RCT with the general aspects of amphibious operations. During this course students watch a sand table demonstration of an RCT landing and walk through a landing conducted on the ground by one of the Battalion Landing Teams of the RCT.

Basic Amphibious Training schools all personnel of the RCT in the safest and most efficient method of debarkation from ships to landing craft. Movement to the beach and debarkation from landing craft are included. It also teaches deployment on the beach and seizure of initial objectives prior to reorganization into platoons. Troop life aboard ship is also covered in this course. Three officers, headed by Lieutenant Colonel William E. Sperling, III, and six enlisted men instruct this course. NCOinC is Master Sergeant Ira L. "Pop" Laird.

As in other practical courses, a demonstration team is trained from each particular RCT by the instructors in basic amphibious training. This demonstration team, usually of platoon strength, is thoroughly checked out in the course. The training is demonstrated for the remainder of the

TURN PAGE



Marine instructors arrange sand table for landing demonstration. Display represents enemy's position



Sgt. Maj. Gene H. Spitzer receives instructions from Col. John H. Griebel, TTT's Chief of Staff

TROOP TRAINING TEAM (cont.)

personnel of the RCT while the Marine instructors lecture and oversee the training. By means of this actual demonstration, plus the formal lectures, the courses "get through" to the attending students. This practice follows through on all courses. Each instructor tries by actual demonstration, rather than mere theory, to make his course easily understood.

After demonstrations have been put on, the students go through the demonstration many times. This practical application of the lessons helps the individual to realize its value.

Dry-land "walk-throughs" are conducted throughout each training month. In these, troops are formed into boat teams and walk through the line of departure as if they were actually in a landing craft; then they assume positions on a simulated beach.

Each training month features walk-throughs by the Communications personnel, Medical walk-throughs and big ship-to-shore walk-throughs which utilize most of the participating students. On these practice runs, the men carry the gear they would normally take when hitting an enemy-held beach. Com men carry their radios; medical personnel carry first aid gear; others carry equipment needed for their particular jobs in the RCT.

There are courses in Operations; Logistics; Supporting Arms; Naval Gunfire Spotting Teams and Shore Party Units. Intelligence teaches G-2 section personnel the principles of in-

telligence planning that are peculiar to amphibious operations.

Tactical Air Control Parties provide training for officers and enlisted men who are (or might be) assigned to a division, regiment or battalion TACP. Students learn the fundamentals of a TACP, as used in conjunction with amphibious landing operations.

Probably two of the most important courses taught by the team are the Staff Officer Course and the Staff Planning Course. In both of these the officers in command of the various units of a RCT are checked out in their jobs.

During the Staff Planning Course an actual problem is worked out by

the student officers. This problem culminates the entire training. It acts as a proficiency test for both instructors and students. A hypothetical case is drawn up and the planners go to work. Each department is made ready for an actual amphibious landing. Personnel board ships, provided by the U. S. Navy in the case of Army units and by the Chinese Navy in the case of the Formosa trip. Here principles they have learned in the month's schooling are applied.

On "D" Day the troops disembark and storm ashore in landing craft. During the training of the Chinese Marines a beach reconnaissance preceded the landing. The Chinese seemed to like





Training aids were copied in Chinese characters. Sgts. Kovach and Lovette hope this one is correct



LtCmdr. J. H. Jenkins, left, a medical instructor, uses Chinese 'copter for evacuation demonstration

this type of fighting, as taught by Marine First Lieutenant Robert F. Maiden. During the training of the Army units no beach recon is taught because the course had to be cut to fit the Army's training schedule.

Certain of the TTT personnel stay for these huge "Lex" maneuvers to evaluate their teachings. The bulk of the team, however, never sees the direct result of its work, for they are enroute to another section of the Orient to train other U. S. troops.

This system continues year after year to insure combat readiness. The same units are visited each year but in most cases the personnel of the units have changed since the previous

year. Thus, more and more troops are trained in the Marine's way of conducting amphibious warfare.

In their travel over the Orient to visit various Army units, the Troop Training Team has earned many nicknames. They have been called an "Oriental Circus" and even "Yasui Tachiama Marines." Probably the nickname that has stuck longer than any is the one that the team pinned on themselves—"Oriental Globe Trotters."

And the name is appropriate; their itinerary this year took them from Japan to Formosa. Back to Okinawa from Formosa the team stayed a month and then moved back to Honshu for another month's training. As the snows

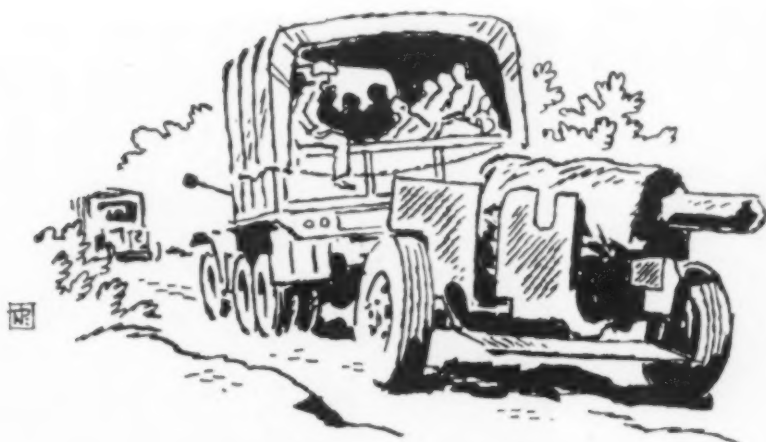
melted they moved into the northernmost island of Japan, Hokkaido. On this island they covered many miles training three different Army RCTs. As the year draws to a close the team will be back again on Honshu training other Army units.

Before the end of 1953 the instructor section of the team, headed by chief instructor Colonel Merritt Adelman, will head back for their parent organization TTU with the accomplishment of another full year's work. The permanent personnel of the team will remain in Japan to await the arrival of a new team of instructors, due shortly after the first of next year.

This isn't a time for rest, however, for the Team Headquarters. Equipment and supplies must be brought up to date for the next year's team of instructors. Captain Eddie L. Robinson, the team's supply officer, and his NCOinC, Technical Sergeant James A. Woodward, handle this important work. Team Headquarters adjutant, First Lieutenant Charles R. Livingston initiates important correspondence. General Davies and his chief of staff, Colonel John H. Griebel, meet with Army and Navy officers to plan the next year's work. All must be in readiness for the next year's tour of the Orient by the instructor team.

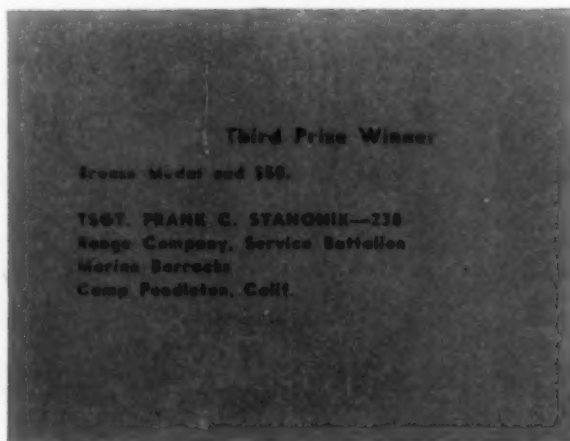
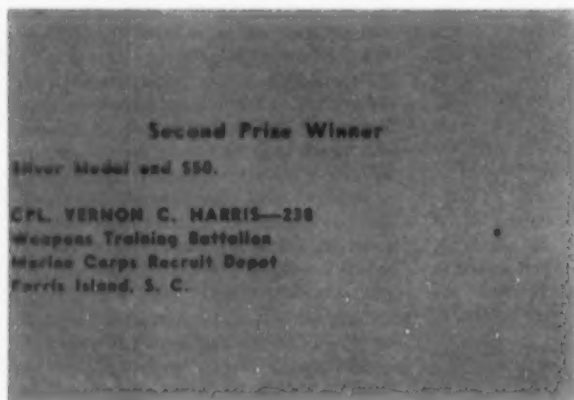
Although no significant fact could be gleaned from the team's visit to Formosa this year, that visit at least drew attention to a very important function which the Marine Corps is conducting—the training of U. S. Armed Forces in the Far East for all eventualities.

END



Leatherneck Rifle Winners

First Quarter-Second Annual



HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE OTHER AWARDS IN THE FIRST QUARTER LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION

IN ADDITION TO THESE PRIZES, ALL WINNERS
RECEIVED A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LEATHERNECK

STAFF NCOs—SGTS

CORPORALS

PFCs—PVTS

RECRUITS

WINNERS OF GOLD MEDAL AND \$30 IN CASH

238 TSgt W. R. Nugent
Sig SchlBn, MCRDep San Diego

237 M. H. Crystal
MB, Camp Pendleton

236 Pfc R. E. Callomy
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island

227 R. G. Nelson
MB, Great Lakes

WINNERS OF SILVER MEDAL AND \$15 IN CASH

236 Sgt B. C. Swanson
HqBn, Camp Pendleton

235 R. D. Shelton
3dMarDiv, Camp Pendleton

236 Pfc F. X. Keck, Jr.
AES-12 MCAS, Quantico

220 R. A. Daniels
Pit 18, Parris Island

WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDAL AND \$15 IN CASH

236 Sgt L. A. Berner
SOS 22 MCAS, Cherry Point

234 R. R. Dierolf
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island

233 Pfc W. G. Benson
ORS-2 MCAS, Cherry Point

220 R. J. Douglas
H&SBn, Parris Island

WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDALS

232 SSgt C. C. Doughty
SigSchlBn, MCRDep, San Diego

233 P. A. Beacham
8th MT Bn, Camp Lejeune

231 Pfc D. R. Medeghini
MB, Camp Pendleton

232 SSgt J. H. Brannon
3dMarDiv, Camp Pendleton

232 C. G. Switzer
WpnsTrngBn, San Diego

231 Pfc W. M. Sheets
3dMarDiv, Camp Pendleton

232 Sgt W. A. Bates, Jr.
MB, Camp Pendleton

232 M. E. Sutton
MB, Norfolk

231 Pfc R. J. Cobb
MB, Camp Pendleton



WINNERS OF LEATHERNECK CERTIFICATES

232 TSgt D. B. Petros
Navy 128, FPO San Francisco

230 R. L. Price
H&SBn, MCRDep, San Diego

230 Pfc W. D. Bucy
SigSchlBn, San Diego

231 Sgt D. L. Newby
H&SBn, MCRDep, San Diego

230 E. A. Hare
H&SBn, MCRDep, San Diego

229 Pfc L. D. Weems
MCDS, Barstow

231 Sgt E. L. Davidson
Navy 128, FPO San Francisco

230 R. F. Adams
OprBr, MCDS, Barstow

228 Pfc E. E. Arnaud
OprBr, MCDS, Barstow

231 Sgt M. P. De Rose
MCSDep, Camp Pendleton

227 J. R. Gill, Jr.
RepairBr, MCDS, Barstow

228 Pfc R. L. Avery, Jr.
AdmBr, MCDS, Barstow

231 SSgt S. C. Olivera
SigSchlBn, MCRDep, San Diego

227 E. Blevins
OprBr, MCDS, Barstow

227 Pfc V. L. Ball
MaintCo, Barstow

230 Sgt R. J. Boyle, Jr.
FifthBaseDepot, Barstow

220 D. A. Brown
2ndMarDiv, Camp Lejeune

227 Pfc D. R. Hawkins
MCDS, Barstow

230 Sgt J. P. Lawson
SupBr, MCDS, Barstow

227 Pvt M. N. Stevens
AdmBr, MCDS, Barstow

227 Pfc J. P. Adams
2ndRecTrngBn, Parris Island

230 SSgt W. H. Hines
SupSchlBn, Camp Lejeune

224 Pfc J. P. Adams
2ndRecTrngBn, Parris Island

222 Pfc C. Di Tommaso
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island

230 Sgt E. F. Wohlmacher
MCSDep, Barstow

222 Pfc C. Di Tommaso
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island

222 Pfc C. Di Tommaso
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island

230 SSgt O. A. McKinley
3dMarDiv, Camp Pendleton

222 Pfc C. Di Tommaso
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island

222 Pfc C. Di Tommaso
WpnsTrngBn, Parris Island



ATTENTION!!!!

ALL SHOOTERS AND
RANGE OFFICERS

FIFTY PER CENT OF the high shooting Marines who entered LEATHERNECK'S 1st quarter competition were not eligible for prizes which they normally would have received! WHY? — because they failed to comply with rule number six (6),—which states — ALL CONTEST ENTRY BLANKS MUST BE POSTMARKED WITHIN FORTY-EIGHT (48) HOURS AFTER THE COMPLETION OF QUALIFICATION FIRING IN ORDER TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR PRIZES IN THE CONTEST.

ALL-MARINE BOXING



The winners: J. Fusco, H. Galvao, W. Byars, F. Bond, H. Abner, R. Hill, P. McMurtry, A Hood and R. Gwin won top boxing honors. Front: Sgt.

P. Moretti, Cherry Point; Capt. G. McComas, Camp Lejeune; and MSgt. F. Lenn, El Toro; were named to handle team in Inter-Service tourney

Photos by SSgt. Martin Krueger, USMC



Outstanding boxer award was won by light-heavy McMurtry

THE TEN TOP Marine fighters in the All-Marine Corps boxing tournament were crowned on April 17 at Cherry Point. This tourney, the first of its kind in the history of the Marine Corps, brought together 100 boxers from all over the United States and the Territory of Hawaii. Four pugilists from the host Cherry Point team took individual titles. Camp Lejeune had two champions while Quantico, El Toro, Miami and FMF Pacific placed one each on the 1953 All-Marine team.

Pat McMurtry, El Toro, was crowned light heavyweight champion and named outstanding boxer in the tournament after his victory over Jesse Barber of Camp Pendleton in a bruising battle. McMurtry, a power puncher with speed and skill, slugged it out with Barber throughout three fast rounds. Barber, 1952-All-Navy light heavyweight champion, lost his opportunity to defend his title in the Inter-Service tourna-

ment when a split decision gave the fight to the El Toro Marine. Both had won the right to enter the fights via TKOs in the semifinals.

Johnny Fusco, Cherry Point, won the flyweight title and was awarded the title of "best sportsman" in deciding Don Daniels, Quantico. This opening bout of the finals was one of the better fights. Both pugilists mixed willingly. Fusco's two-fisted attack and a good defense won the decision for him. He had moved into the finals after winning his semifinal fight against Faustino Alboro of Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii.

Cherry Point's Herman Galvao won a unanimous decision over Adrien Hassell of FMF Pacific to take the bantamweight crown. The two fighters spent a cautious first round with very few blows landing. In the second round both fighters moved in and exchanged blows during most of the three minutes. The third round was action packed

'53

by MSgt. Thurston A. Willis
Leatherneck Staff Writer

One hundred boxers battled for 10 titles at Cherry Point in April

with the fighters standing toe to toe, slugging it out in an attempt to score a KO.

In the most interesting bout of the evening, Everett Galligan, Camp Lejeune, dropped a split decision to Walter Byars, FMF Pacific. Galligan kept punching Byars only to have the Hawaiian entry come back for more with a big grin on his face. Clowning all the way, Byars would stand off, swing his right around in a circle, feint to throw it, then back pedal. Galligan would chase Byars; Byars would stop and throw a quick right and left, then back pedal again. Byars' antics kept the gymnasium crowd howling throughout the bout. However, the crowd booed the decision. Evidently they liked Byars' clowning but had a low regard for his fighting.

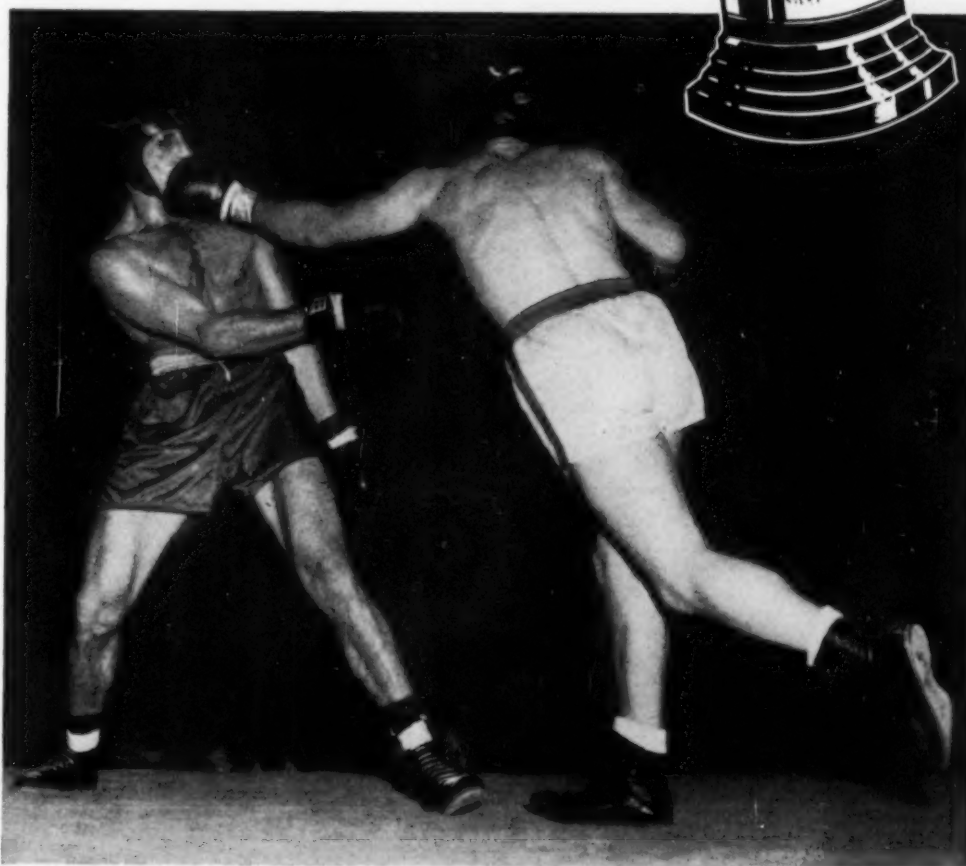
Francis Bond, Quantico, won a unanimous decision over teammate Mark Kavanaugh for the lightweight crown. Neither fighter wasted time getting into action. This fight was a slug-fest from start to finish. Bond had defeated Davis Gilyard, Camp Lejeune, and Manuel Oliveres, Jacksonville, on the way to the championship.

Henry Abner, Miami, TKO'd Jake Martinez, Camp Pendleton, in 2:35 of the second round to win the light welterweight crown. Martinez got into trouble in the first round when Abner shot a short right into his face which brought a flow of blood from his nose. His handlers stopped the bleeding between

rounds, but Abner again smashed a right to Martinez' face and the blood started pouring again. The fight was stopped and after a doctor's examination, the referee awarded a TKO to Abner. Abner decisioned Leroy Jones, Camp Pendleton, in his only other fight in the tournament. Jacob Carr, Camp Pendleton, forfeited his scheduled bout with Abner in the semifinals.

In the outstanding bout of the finals, Rudy Gwin, Cherry Point's 1952 All-Navy and 1953 Atlantic Fleet welterweight champion defeated Anthony McConnell, FMF Pacific, in a slam bang affair. Both fighters went to work on

TURN PAGE



Bud House, Camp Lejeune heavyweight champion, lands hard left to jaw of Charles Katzakian, FMF, Pac, in finals of first All-Marine boxing tourney in Corps' history

ALL MARINE BOXING '53 (cont.)

one another in the first round and didn't quit until the final bell sounded. McConnell was knocked through the ropes in the second round but came back for more punishment from the heavy hitting Gwin. In the third round Gwin kept up his relentless punching against an outclassed but game fighter. Gwin had knocked out Walter Tyler, Camp Pendleton, in 2:38 of the first round in his initial fight on opening night and had disposed of John Luckovich, El Toro, in 2:57 in the semifinals.

The only knockout in the finals occurred in the light middleweight bout between Alfred Hood, Cherry Point, and Charles Little, Quantico. Hood decked Little for the count in 2:31 of the second round. The first round was fairly even with both fighters mixing it up and trading punches. The end came suddenly when Hood caught Little on the button with a short right hand smash that spun the Quantico battler around and dropped him face down on the canvas. Hood had decisioned Joseph Davis, Camp Lejeune, in the semifinals in his only other fight before the finals.

The middleweight division brought together James Ingram, San Diego, and Richard Hill, Camp Lejeune. Ingram was named Mr. Golden Shoes when he appeared in the tournament wearing golden boxing shoes. The shoes didn't help him against Hill as he lost a unanimous decision to the Camp Lejeune battler. After a slow first round in which neither fighter was able to land any telling blows, Hill began to move in close and pepper Ingram with rights and lefts. Both fighters displayed good defenses, but their punches lacked wallop.

Aubrey House, Camp Lejeune, won a split decision over Charles Katzakian, FMF Pacific, to take the heavyweight title. The two heavies mixed freely during most of the fight with House staying on top with stinging right hand punches to the face and body of Katzakian. House proved the more aggressive fighter and kept Katzakian back pedalling during the second and third rounds, landing frequent blows on the Marine from Hawaii. House decisioned George Woods, El Toro, and Norman Ramquist, Camp Pendleton, to reach the final round of the tournament.

END

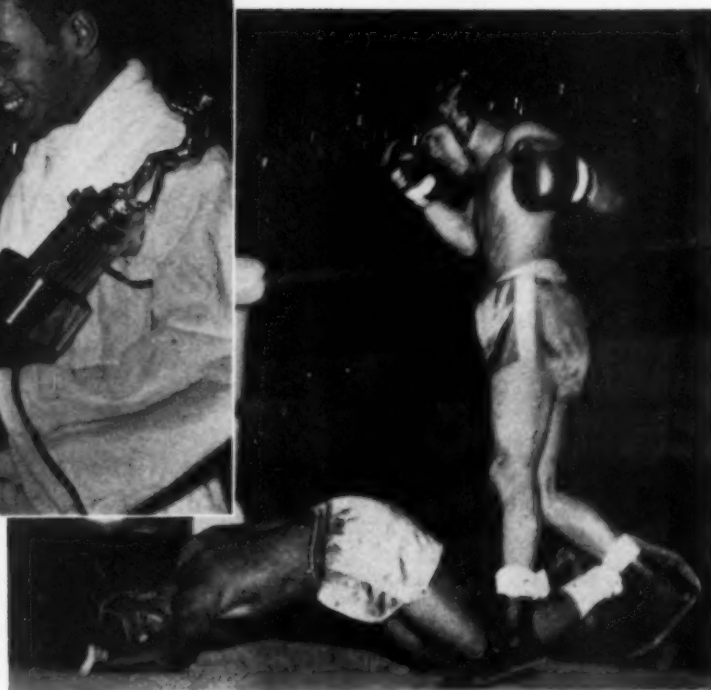


Fusco won the flyweight crown and also best sportsmanship award in first All-Marine tourney



Walt Byars receives trophy from Brig. Gen. Wm. Manley. Byars won 125-pound class

Herman Galvao decked Adrien Hassell and won a unanimous decision for 132-pound title





THE OLD GUNNY SAYS . . .

"MEN, sometimes during small wars or limited defense phases of big operations we have to maintain the offensive by means of raids upon the enemy positions. Now, raids can be for several different purposes. They can be for capturing prisoners, or knocking out enemy positions, or for getting information or just to give the enemy a bad time—and keep him off balance. Also, they give us a chance to tangle with the enemy.

"Raids can be neat little small-scale operations—or they can be a

fouled up deal, depending on how well planned they are and how well you guys carry out the plan.

"Now first of all, a raid should have a definite stated purpose. You all gotta know what your mission is.

"We don't just go out and wander around 'Indian Territory' looking for trouble. We fight for an objective.

"The size of your raid force should be based on the mission. Keep it as small as possible because the more men you have milling around in a raid the less chance you have of attain-

ing surprise and the harder it is to maintain control.

"The objective area that you are going to raid should not be one that is too tough for the small raid force. Pick an area that you know is not too well defended or one that offers you some good covered approaches. If you can't get such conditions then reconsider the raid. There is no point to pulling off a raid if you aren't sure it will be profitable.

"We can make raids at any time of the day or night. Night raids usually depend upon stealth and surprise; day raids usually employ strong support fires, covered routes and sometimes smoke screens.

"A raid has gotta have a simple, flexible plan that all hands understand or else you're sure to get fouled up. The plan should be based upon a thorough reconnaissance and study of the objective area, the attack and withdrawal routes. Leaders have gotta take time to observe the area and then, if possible, rehearse the raid plan. Make the rehearsal as realistic as possible. Then's when you can work out some of the bugs.

"Usually the toughest, most 'hairy' part of a raid is the withdrawal. By the time you are ready to pull out the enemy is beginning to recover from any surprise you may have achieved. He brings down his defensive fires. His supporting positions are alerted and he may even begin to counterattack. So don't waste time or linger on an enemy position after a raid. Get moving. If you've got casualties, it's going to take you time to lug them home. Your raid may be a big success but your withdrawal can be very costly if you don't move fast. So when you pull a raid, get in and get out in a hurry, before the enemy knows what's hit him. It calls for fast, hard hitting teamwork, but it's the only way to run a profitable business." **END**



POST OF THE CORPS



MIAMI, the land of green palms, sky-blue Cadillacs and abbreviated swim suits, has a new class of "tour-ists." Nearly 7000 United States Marines park their seabags at this famed Florida resort.

It's a situation recruiting sergeants shouldn't overlook. Civilians earning better-than-average wages sweat 50 weeks a year to save enough money for a fortnight tour of relaxing duty at the balmy paradise. These vacations usually follow a hectic pattern: unpack, scribble postcards, take a fling at the track, burn a deep red on the beach and try to wangle a cute phone number. Then it's time to go home. On the return trip they try to figure out what happened.

Marines can take a different view. Uncle Sam hands them a one-way ticket to sunshine, feeds and houses them and doles out the spending money during their two-year stand.

But for Marines in Florida life isn't just one swim after another; the duty may give the illusion of an everlasting vacation but there's a lot of work to be done, too. Liberty time at Miami adds up about the same as it does anywhere but while on duty at the

Corps' newest landing strip—the Marine Corps Air Station, Miami—Marines find that the climate and "working conditions" give them a lift that's hard to beat.

Miami Marines serve either as station personnel or members of the Third Marine Aircraft Wing. Both are fledgling units. The Wing was recommissioned at Cherry Point, N. C., on February 1, 1952, with Colonel Walter L. Bayler as commanding officer. The station was commissioned two weeks later.

During War II, the Third MAW trained at Ewa, in Hawaii, but was never committed to action as an entire unit. Subordinate commands, however, gave the Japanese plenty of trouble. The Wing in Hawaii provided logistical support for three Marine air wings engaged in forward area combat and serviced Marine carrier-based squadrons. It went into temporary retirement on December 31, 1945.

Today the Third Wing is back in the training business, and the Marines couldn't have picked a better place. The year 'round temperature averages a mild 75 degrees.

The air station boasts two fields—

by SSgt. John P. McConnell
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by TSgt. Charles B. Tyler
Leatherneck Staff Photographer



Third Marine Aircraft Wing Pantherjets fly over Miami Beach. City of Miami is in far background.

Photo by SSgt. C. L. Chance
Corps' first air field was established here in 1918. Captain Roy S. Geiger commanded fledgling outfit

Master and Opa Locka, often referred to as "Mainside"—with a total of 13 strips. In size, it's smaller than Cherry Point.

Master Field houses a Naval Aviation Reserve Training Unit (NARTU), and handles station and transient aircraft. Mainside hangars and runways are reserved for the Wing. Living quarters and the bulk of non-flying facilities are also located at Mainside. Both fields are equipped for night flying. Although the fields are adjacent, vehicles must travel through the town of Opa Locka and along a highway running parallel to Master Field to reach the other section.

Marines reporting in get a favorable impression of the place despite the fact that the first building in view beyond the Main Gate is a big, cheery-looking

b-r-i-g. All buildings are protected by cream-colored asbestos shingles which contrast with trim lawns and macadam roads. Inside, freshly painted bulkheads reflect on gleaming decks. Staff NCOs billet two men to a room while troops bunk in squadbays. Except for hangars and garages, all buildings are constructed of wood.

Things weren't always serene. The first Marines to arrive early in 1952 took one look and wished for a fare back to Cherry Point. Their new home had been occupied by nearly 400 civilian firms which left Mainside looking like a shanty town. Broken windows, rusted screens and dilapidated siding greeted them. The previous occupants had plastered the exterior bulkheads with signs advertising everything from soup to coconuts. When the Marines moved

TURN PAGE



Bathing beauties, Hialeah and deep-sea fishing make duty enviable at the Corps' newest station



BrigGen. A. D. Cooley, CG, 3d MAW, and Col. T. G. Ennis, CO, MCAS, hold confab



Sergeant James J. Snyder checks departure sheet while Corporal Bob E. Eastep gives tower OK for plane takeoff

MIAMI, FLA. (cont.)

in the signs were still up. Troops slept in buildings tabbed "Jones Furniture Factory" or "Ada's Soap Products."

Originally a Naval Air Station, the area was decommissioned in 1946. Most of the Mainside buildings were leased to a corporation and in turn were subleased to small firms. The businessmen had a good deal. Rent was cheap, the structures were satisfactory; the BOQ became a hotel, barracks became factories and, oddly enough, the laundry remained a laundry. The payoff was in taxes. Through a legal loophole, they could forget about paying local and state taxes. They were in government-owned buildings on government-owned land!

The Navy reserved the privilege of taking the place back whenever it wished. The businessmen can blame their eviction on a war in Korea. When the fighting broke out, Uncle Sam upped the defense ante. The Marine Corps got a new air wing. The wing needed a home. Miami was chosen.

Marines had "landed" in Miami almost 34 years prior to the day on which the present tenants arrived. Then a captain, Roy S. Geiger commanded the seat-of-their-pants fliers who took over Glenn Curtiss' old field with their "Flying Jennies." It was an historically important fact. Geiger's unit was the first air squadron in the Corps. It was also the first to fly from the Marines' own field. In the past Marines had used Army or Navy airports.

Duty there was rough in 1918. Planes and people lived under canvas. Weeds refused to grow on the sandy field. The strip itself was so close to the surf that pilots checked, immediately

after waking each morning, to make sure it hadn't been washed away.

War I saw an increase in the number of Marine pilots. The upshot was known as the First Marine Air Force. They trained at Miami until June, 1918, when 124 officer and enlisted pilots sailed for France. Military appropriations dropped after the Armistice. The Corps' first air base was dropped too.

Miami Marines have it made today. Present day pilots jockey planes that make the bailing wire crates look like death traps. They can fire cannons, rockets or .50 caliber slugs at the touch of a finger, an advantage over the daredevils who carried nothing more than a .30 caliber Lewis gun and a few bricks into a dogfight. But they're both of the same hell-for-the-cockpit breed.

In 1918 a mechanic oiled his plane, loaded the guns, patched the canvas, then sat down and hoped that it would fly. A mass of specialists currently tend to the planes at Miami. Electricians, radio, ordnance and radar men, metalsmiths, prop mechanics, carburetor and instrument technicians, parachute packers, oxygen testers and electronics operators are only a portion of the "men-behind-the-man." Today's mech still hopes, but he doesn't hope alone.

Marine-wise, aviation has long ceased to be a novelty and has grown to become a potent friend of the infantryman. The 1918 Corps splurged by putting a captain in charge of its Miami aviators. Now—a generation later—it has a one-star general at the stick.

Brigadier General Albert D. Cooley assumed the command in May, 1952, from Col. Bayler who became assistant wing commander. He has continued the job Col. Bayler had started—the build-

ing of a combat-ready force from a "paper" wing.

A breakdown shows three Marine Aircraft Groups—31, 32 and 45 as the principal components. They are commanded respectively by Colonels Thomas J. Noon, Frank C. Thorin and William A. Willis. Supporting units include headquarters, service and photo reconnaissance squadrons, two ground control interceptor squadrons and a special weapons delivery unit. An instrument training squadron is operationally attached to the Wing.

The nucleus of the Wing came from Cherry Point; the remainder came from widespread points. Among the pilots are Korean vets, War II retirees and "hot-shots" fresh from Pensacola. General Cooley's personal aim is to make them the best trained pilots in the world, and the present pace indicates that the General will accomplish his purpose.

On the ground, experienced line chiefs—approaching the age of advancing waistlines and receding hairlines—constantly drum their years of aviation know-how into bright, fuzzy-faced youngsters just out of boot camp. This combination of salty knowledge and Pfc eagerness has produced an efficient team in the Wing.

Mechs, first sergeants or truck drivers will readily confess that their particular lash-up is, "the best damned squadron in the Wing." Beneath the surface of the good-natured rivalry, however, the squadrons are friendly neighbors who help each other when the need arises. Duty comes first. As good neighbors, squadrons are apt to borrow from one another, but it's more likely to be an airplane or a couple of mechanics rather than a cup of sugar.

By nature, an air wing is a mobile



Marine mechanic works on a Corsair in huge hangar at Mainside. The Wing also uses jet fighters and transports



Specialists check Corsair's landing gear; 1918 Marines patched Jennies with canvas

organization. This fact demands a permanent organization; an independent set-up has control of the air station. While the Wing is "hot-to-fly" the station is engaged in housekeeping on a grand scale.

Colonel Thomas G. Ennis, commanding officer of the station, appreciates the Wing's job and has put all station facilities at its disposal. Like General Cooley, he's a veteran pilot.

Wing and station realize the value of working in close harmony. Headquarters of both units are in the same building. Wing Sergeant Major Thomas J. Guthrie and his MCAS counterpart, Master Sergeant David W. Barrett, Jr., find the arrangement saves steps when huddling on mutual paperwork problems.

Liberty is a simple matter at Miami. All you need to get past the gate sentry are: identification and liberty cards, a regulation haircut, spit-shined shoes and a pressed uniform. Then you have two choices—Opa Locka or greater Miami. Although the sentry won't ask, you'll need a pocketful of money if you choose the latter.

Opa Locka is one step outside the gate and similar to Oceanside or Jacksonville. Cafes, tailor shops, drug stores and gas stations populate the business section where prices are reasonable.

Founder Glenn Curtiss modeled the town after the wonderous cities of the Arabian Nights. City Hall is an Arabian edifice with conical domes. Street names venture from "Ali Baba" to the "40 Thieves." The dream ended on 1929's Black Friday. The design of the newer buildings is contemporary.

Marine officials and Opa Locka's city fathers have united to keep riff-raff beyond the town limits. The city even

blackballed a tattoo artist's request for a license.

Henry Flagler started the twin cities of Miami and Miami Beach to fame in 1896 when he ran his railroad into that part of Florida and built the ritzy Royal Palm hotel. There were two other buildings there at the time—a small Army fort and an Indian trading post. The cities derive their names from the Miami river which flows into Biscayne Bay at the site. The river was named after a tribe of Wisconsin Indians. Nobody seems to know why.

The boom began in 1925. "Immigrants" from all over the country were arriving at a rate of 6000 a day—with only 2000 of them going home every 24 hours. Today the population of Miami is 249,276 while Miami Beach claims 46,000 permanent personnel. Tourist turnover totals millions each year.

Night life is a big attraction in the

Miamis. A Marine on liberty can stretch his money by patronizing the more modest establishments or he can shoot the bankroll on a one night stand in a swank spot. Gauging the amount of neon on the facade is an excellent way to tell prices—the gaudier the front, the higher the tab inside.

Beer can cost from 50 cents to a dollar a bottle, depending on where you're sitting. Anyone looking for real punishment soon discovers a number of night clubs with special licenses to stay open until five in the morning. Regular closing hour is one a. m.

It's possible that "bottle blondes" were among the first to find gold in Florida. More than one hard-charging lad has found that the sweet young thing who sat next to him was more interested in his greenbacks than his curly hair and tall tales of Korea.

Three horse-racing tracks—Tropical, Gulfstream and Hialeah, the last only

TURN PAGE



Miami Marines stand by for routine inspection. Military training is not overlooked, despite heavy demands made by full flying schedules

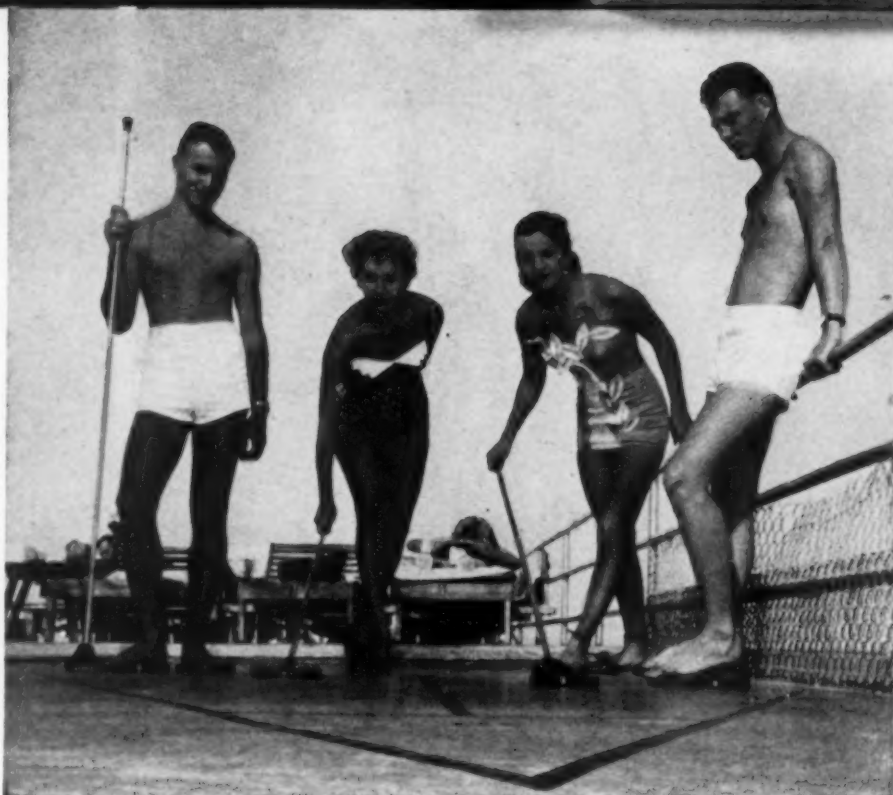
MIAMI, FLA. (cont.)

six miles from the base—keep the bang-tails running 'round the calendar. The gambling fraternity hasn't overlooked the canines; greyhound tracks dot the area. Miami supports the only Jai Alai stadium in the United States. This Latin American version of handball, where players use gloved baskets to return the ball, is fast and tedious. Small bets are legal.

Major league clubs play exhibition baseball there during early spring. For other diversions there are roller skating, polo, boxing, auto racing, water skiing and, oddly, ice skating!

Florida is a Mecca for fishermen. Marines who normally cuss the bugler at reveille find themselves getting up in the dark hours of morning to head for a favorite stream, river or spot of surf. Deep sea sportsmen angle for marlin, tarpon, barracuda or any of the 600 types of saltwater fish available off the Florida coast. A thoughtful chamber of commerce supplies maps showing where the fish are most co-operative.

Marines (continued on page 76)



Pfcs Vince Flaherty and Frank Neaton play shuffle board game with Debbe Lane and Olga Mendle. Girls won; Marines were good losers



Sergeant Donald Thomas and Pfc Chuck Greene relax with Miami Beach mermaids at Saxony hotel

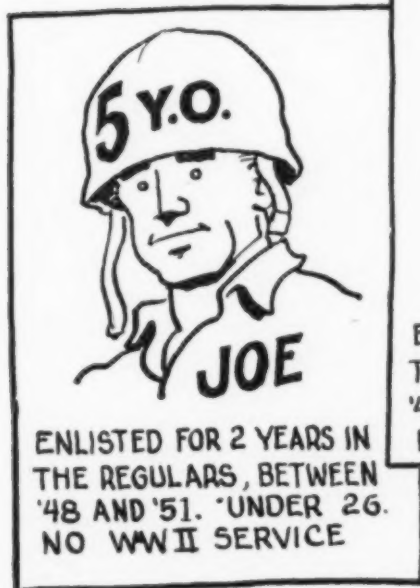
pool. Swank hotels often invite many Marines to be guests at cut-rate prices in the winter "off season"

Are YOU an obligor?

by

Lieut. B. P. Daugherty

USMCR



WE ARE!

IF you joined the Armed Forces since June, 1948, you may be an "obligor." And if you're one of this special new breed, you may be associated with the Armed Forces longer than you expect!

TURN PAGE

OBLIGOR (cont.)

"Obligor" is the name of a special kind of human. It's the name given to persons *obligated*, by law, to spend up to eight years of their life in a military status!

We'd like you to meet three of these "obligors" because any one of their individual situations might match yours.

Joe enlisted in the regulars back in 1948 for a two-year cruise. His enlistment ended in 1950; he hasn't re-enlisted; he hasn't extended. Yet, Joe won't be a full-fledged free civilian until 1955. He's a five-year obligor.

Then there's Ski who enlisted in 1949, for one year in the regulars. In 1950 he was transferred to the reserves. Ski's a six-year obligor.

Mac is an eight-year obligor. His draft board sent him "greetings" late in 1952. His discharge will be dated 1960, at the earliest.

Although Joe and Ski weren't drafted, they're affected by the same law that resulted in Mac being drafted. They're all obligors; they'll spend more time in the service than they bargained for—more than their enlistments called for. The period during which they must stay in the service depends upon the date they joined, their ages, prior service, and a lot of other things. Joe, Ski, and Mac typify the three kinds of obligors.

Five Year Obligor



Joe joined the regulars between June 24, 1948, and June 19, 1951. He was under 26, then; he wasn't a World War II veteran and could have been drafted, but he enlisted for two years instead. When Joe finished his two-year cruise in 1950,

he figured that he'd like to go back to civilian life.

But Joe picked up some startling news; he found out that he would have to spend five years in the Reserve unless he completed three full years of active duty. If Joe would extend for one more year of active duty, he wouldn't have the five-year reserve obligation. Joe had to make a choice. He decided to join the Reserve for five years. So, in 1950, Joe became a five-year obligor. Korea broke and he was mobilized along with other reservists. Now Joe wishes he had extended for that extra year.

If you now have the same problem Joe did in 1950 and have reached the

fork in the road where you have to make the same decision, check the following list:

1. Are you a male?.....

YES _____ NO _____

2. Were you enlisted, re-enlisted, commissioned, or recommissioned in the Marine Corps between June 24, 1948, and June 19, 1951, inclusive?.....

YES _____ NO _____

3. If so, was it in the REGULAR service?.....

YES _____ NO _____

4. When you joined, were you under 26 years of age?.....

YES _____ NO _____

5. Does your active military service total less than three years?.....

Note: (Add all active duty performed prior to and during your current tour of active duty.)

YES _____ NO _____

6. When you joined, would you have been draft exempt because of prior honorable military service of:

a. 90 days or more between Dec. 7, 1941, and Sept. 2, 1945; or

b. 12 months or more between Sept. 16, 1940, and June 24, 1948?.....

YES _____ NO _____

7. Have you been discharged (for other than purposes of immediate reenlistment, commissioning, or recommissioning) since June 24, 1948?.....

YES _____ NO _____

8. Are you a "one-year enlistee" (USMC-V)?.....

YES _____ NO _____

If your answer is "yes" to the first five questions and "no" to the last three, UNDER CURRENT INTERPRETATION OF LAW, you may become a five-year obligor unless you serve three full years of active duty. If your answers don't line up that way, continue to read. There are other obligations to be discussed.

Let's go back to Joe for a moment. Joe has a choice; he won't have to stay in the Reserve for the full five years unless he prefers it. Time spent on active duty or in an organized training program is creditable toward reducing the five-year reserve obligation. Joe's service during the Korean mobilization will cut down his obligation, just how much won't be discussed here. It's a complicated calculation.

If you're a five-year obligor, consult your company office or Director of your Reserve District to find out how you can reduce your five-year obligation.

Six Year Obligor



The situation of Ski, the six-year obligor, is somewhat different. He signed up between June 24, 1948, and June 19, 1951, for a one-year cruise with the regulars. At that time, the Marine Corps was offering this unusually short enlist-

ment to men between 18 and 19 years old.

While Ski was at the recruiting station, the sergeant on duty told him that he was a "USMC-V." This meant that Ski would have to serve one year on active duty as a regular. At the end of that year he would be transferred to the Reserve for six years of service and released from active duty. Ski's year was up in 1950, right in the middle of the Korean mobilization. He was transferred to the Reserve, but he didn't get back to wearing "civvies" immediately. If he had been released, he'd have been called back with the rest of the reservists who were called in 1950.

Maybe you're a six-year obligor like Ski. If you are, you already know it—there's no need to waste your time with a "yes-no" check-list. But you should know that the six-year obligation can be reduced in the same manner as the five-year obligation. If you serve in an organized training program or on active duty, your service will cut down the time you are required to spend in the Reserve. Consult your company office or Director of your Reserve District for advice on this matter.

Eight Year Obligor



But Mac, the draftee, is the real star of this show. He was inducted after June 19, 1951; he didn't have prior service; he was under 26. He could have enlisted or been commissioned in either the Marine Corps or the Marine Corps Re-

serve, or any other Armed Force, for that matter, and the result would have been the same. Mac's the eight-year obligor.

If your circumstances compare with

Mac's situation, check the following list. Read each question, then answer it by checking either the "yes" or "no" bracket. When you've finished checking the answers, you'll know whether or not you're an eight-year obligor.

1. Are you a male?.....
YES _____ NO _____
2. Did you enter the Armed Forces after June 19, 1951?.....
(Note: To "enter" means to join the Armed Forces by enlistment, induction, or commissioning.)
YES _____ NO _____
3. Was this the first time you had ever joined the Armed Forces?.....
(Note: As defined by the Armed Forces Reserve Act of 1952, the term "Armed Forces" includes the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and the reserve components thereof including the National Guard of the U.S. and the Air National Guard of the U.S.)
YES _____ NO _____
4. When you joined, were you under age 26?.....
YES _____ NO _____

If you have answered "yes" to all the questions, you are an eight-year obligor. If you said "no" to any of them, and you are not a five or six-year obligor, UNDER CURRENT INTERPRETATION OF LAW, you have no reserve obligations.

Here's something that's important for you eight-year obligors. A man who is enlisted or commissioned, begins "working off" the eight years on the date he's enlisted or commissioned, even if he is inducted later. An inductee begins "working off" the eight years on the date of induction. You eight-year obligors must remember that you have this obligation, even if you enlisted for a shorter period of time. If you signed up for a three-year cruise and figured on getting a discharge at the end of the three years, just remember that you still have five more years to go on the eight-year obligation.

If you discover that you and Mac are paddling your canoes up the same eight-year river, you may be looking for a chance to reduce the obligation the way Joe and Ski reduced their reserve time. Sorry! Eight-year obligors can't cut down that eight-year period. But they can reduce their liability to mobilization.

How Reserves Are Called



Unless this part of the draft law is extended or a similar law passed by Congress, after June 30, 1953, every Marine reservist who is not on active duty will be tagged with a new mobilization priority. On release from active duty, Joe, Ski, and Mac will be assigned to one of these priorities. Women reservists are included. After June, every reservist, whether or not he's an obligor, will be tagged as a:

1. READY;
2. STANDBY; or
3. RETIRED reservist.

If you're assigned to the READY RESERVE, you're liable to mobilization under one of the following three conditions:

1. When the President proclaims a national emergency.
2. When Congress declares a national emergency or war.
3. When otherwise authorized by law.

If you're assigned to the STANDBY RESERVE, you're liable to mobilization under just two conditions:

1. When Congress declares a national emergency or war.
2. When otherwise authorized by law.

If you're placed in the RETIRED RESERVE, you'll have the same mobilization liability as a man in the Standby, but Retired reservists and

persons on the Inactive-Status list (described later) can't be called until all available qualified Ready and Standby reservists have been mobilized.

With this setup, the Ready Reserve is to fight the partial, Korean-type, campaigns. If things get serious, Congress will authorize the mobilization of the Standby. In the event of an all-out war, persons on the Inactive-Status list and the Retired Reserve will be called. This is like using the accelerator on a car. If a little power is needed, you give the accelerator a little push. If more power is needed, more pressure is applied. If you want all-out power, you jam your foot to the floor-board. This is an indication that it would be better to be in the Standby Reserve if you don't want to be called every time a partial mobilization exists.

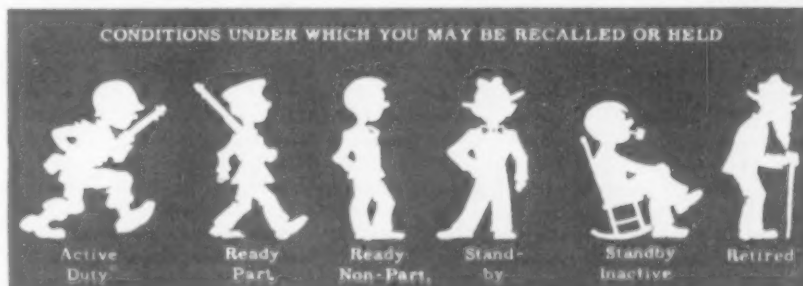
The expression, "when otherwise authorized by law," requires explanation.

After this June, reservists will only be called by their mobilization priority in the Ready, Standby, or Retired Reserve. However, if another law permits their call, they may be called either by the priority or by the other law. The part of the draft law, which was mentioned above, is a good example of "another such law." But it will expire in June, and, unless it's extended or a similar law is passed, in the future reservists will only be liable to call by their priority.

Status of Reserves

Who's going to be assigned to the Ready, Standby, or Retired Reserve? Do you qualify for the Standby or must you stay in the Ready? If we check up on friend Mac, the eight-year man, we can get the answer.

When Mac was
TURN PAGE



PRESIDENT PROCLAIMS EMERGENCY

CONGRESS DECLARES EMERGENCY OR WAR

(Not all Reservists in same category would necessarily be recalled at same time.)
Any Reservist may volunteer for active duty.

OBLIGOR (cont.)

drafted in 1952, he was told that he had to stay on active duty for two years; then he could ship over for more active duty or be transferred to the Reserve, but he still had six more years to do. Mac learned more. He found that unless he did some extra active duty or joined a reserve training program when he was released from active duty, he'd have to spend the full six years in the *Ready Reserve*. Mac investigated. He wanted to know how to qualify for transfer to the *Standby*; he found that there are four ways.

Here's another check-list. Answer each question by checking the "yes" or "no" bracket, as appropriate. When you've completed checking your answers, you'll know whether or not you qualify for transfer from the *Ready* to the *Standby*.

1. Have you spent eight years in the reserve forces since Sept. 2, 1945?.....
YES _____ NO _____
2. Did you serve 12 months on active duty between Dec. 7, 1941 and Sept. 2, 1945, plus 12 months on active duty since June 25, 1950?.....
YES _____ NO _____
3. Have you served on active duty five years?.....
YES _____ NO _____
4. Have you served on active duty and "satisfactorily participated in an accredited training program" of a reserve force so that the total combined time amounts to five years?.....
YES _____ NO _____

If your answer is "yes" to any one of the above questions and you want to transfer to the *Standby*, make a written request for transfer to the *Standby* when you're released from active duty. You'll be qualified for transfer.

If your answer is "no" to all the questions and you want to transfer to the *Standby*, you'd better get in some extra active duty or join a reserve training program. Remember, you don't have to stay on active duty or join a training program. But if you don't, you'll continue to be liable to call as a *Ready* reservist in any future Korean-type emergencies during the rest of your *Reserve* service. The choice is up to you!

Reserve Transfers

Mac's been thinking over the ways of qualifying for transfer to the *Standby*. Some of his friends have decided to stay on active duty for the full

five years. Mac thinks he'd rather transfer to the Reserve when he finishes his two years of active duty and earn his way to the *Standby* by joining a reserve training program. He's checked into the programs available and here's what he's learned:

Mere membership in a reserve component prior to July 1, 1949, counts as "satisfactory participation in an accredited training program." After that date, a reservist must actually perform some sort of reserve training. Two general types of training are available. First, a reservist can join an Organized Reserve training unit in his hometown. This means attending drills each week and going to two weeks of summer

accredited training program" is to take correspondence courses, attend short periods of active duty, or associate with non-paid training units. He must meet certain minimum standards of participation in order to receive full credit. You can find out about these standards from your company office or from the Director of your Reserve District.

You're probably wondering who gets assigned to the *Retired Reserve* and the *Inactive-Status* list. Here's the answer:

Persons who were on the Honorary Retired list of the Marine Corps Reserve prior to January 1, 1953, have been placed in the *Retired Reserve*. In the future, reservists with fine mili-

Read L to R for methods of fulfilling your Military Obligations



Active Duty



Ready Reserve Participating



Ready Reserve Non-Participating



Stand By Reserve

training. Lieutenant Colonel Reginald R. Myers, Congressional Medal of Honor winner in the Chosin Reservoir campaign, has this to say about Organized units: "I'm setting up an Organized Reserve unit right now. I think they have a lot to offer a Marine reservist, especially for a man with obligated service. A man can be a civilian and a Marine at the same time.

"An organized reservist attends a two-hour drill each week and summer camp in the summer. He wears the uniform during these times. He gets a full day's pay for each drill, receives retirement credit and promotion, and keeps a hand in his military specialty.

"The *Ready* reservist with a military obligation can count his organized time toward transferring to the *Standby*. By joining an *Organized Reserve* unit a man doesn't increase his liability to mobilization; if anything, he lessens it! If a *Ready* reservist joins an organized unit, he can't be mobilized any sooner than if he were a *Ready* reservist sitting at home." Mac realizes the value of this fact.

The other way in which a man can have "satisfactory participation in an

		FIRST JOINING END OF OBLIGATION							
		1st. Yr.	2nd. Yr.	3rd. Yr.	4th. Yr.	5th. Yr.	6th. Yr.	7th. Yr.	8th. Yr.
A	Active Duty								
B	Ready Reserve Participating								
C	Ready Reserve Non-Participating								
D	Stand By Reserve								
E									
F									
G									
H									

tary records and much previous service, who are disqualified for peace-time training activities because of age or physical disability, will be placed on these lists.

Only *Standby* reservists with no military obligation can be placed on the *Inactive-Status* list.

When a *Standby* reservist is unable to conform to satisfactory standards of participation in reserve training activities, he is placed on this list. He's penalized in that he can't receive retirement credit, promotion, or pay for any training performed voluntarily. He does have the premium of being less liable to mobilization.

That's about it. There's only one last point. Marine reservists released from active duty with a military obligation may want to join the Army, Navy, Air Force or another reserve component. These inter-service transfers are permitted. However, a man must prove that he will be more valuable to the gaining service than to the Marine Corps. This works the same way for other services. The Secretary of Defense wants to keep these inter-service transfers at a minimum. **END**

GYRENE GYNGLES

Interview

Son, I'm just a punk reporter,
And I've never lugged a mortar,
So, believe me, I'll just listen here tonight.
For I know you went to Chosin,
Then came back to Hung-nam, frozen,
And I'd like to print the facts behind that
fight.

Sir, if you will please relax, and
Just forget your income tax, and
Pay attention to my tale of men at war,
I'll just fill your ears with data
All about a kid who'll rate a
Place in Heaven, next to God forevermore.
Now the words in this here story,
They may sound a wee bit gory,
But remember the deeds were done in hell.
For when blood is spilled around you,
And your buddies, dead, surround you,
Then it's time to play the man and cuss
a spell.

But I didn't mean to wander,
So I'll spit it out, then ponder
And if you forget, the Devil take your
soul!
For this story concerns my friend,
Who fought until he met his end.
Aye, the heathen took from me a mighty
toll.

We were over in Korea,
And, believe me, if you see a
Worse place, I hope to hell you let me
know!

Oh, the gooks, we up and killed 'em—
Yes, with Yankee lead we filled 'em,
But we couldn't fight that stinkin', lousy
snow.

Now the night you must remember,
Was the first one in December,
When my pal and I were lost from every-
one.

All around us Reds were pilin',
But my buddy still was smilin',
Though he knew the war for us was nearly
done.

All at once he let a roar out,
And the cuss words they did pour out,
As he grabbed his bayonet and rushed
ahead.

While their fire he was bravin',
It was me that kid was savin',
For he knew I couldn't move, the way I'd
bled.

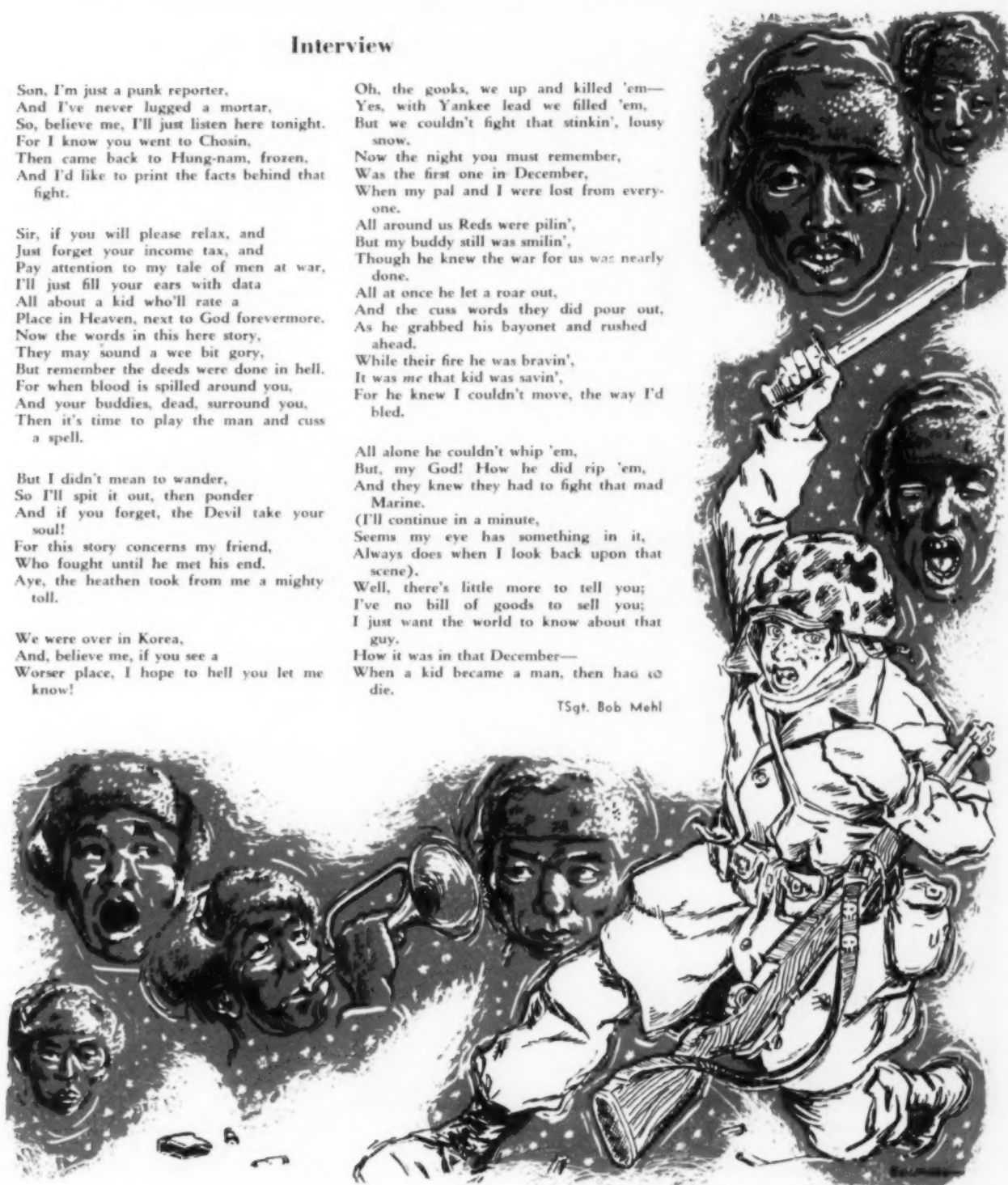
All alone he couldn't whip 'em,
But, my God! How he did rip 'em,
And they knew they had to fight that mad
Marine.

(I'll continue in a minute,
Seems my eye has something in it,
Always does when I look back upon that
scene).

Well, there's little more to tell you;
I've no bill of goods to sell you;
I just want the world to know about that
guy.

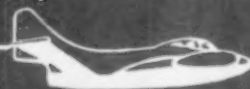
How it was in that December—
When a kid became a man, then had to
die.

TSgt. Bob Mehl



Sky lines

Edited by SSgt. John P. McConnell



Carrying seven and one-half tons more than its normal maximum takeoff weight, the new Navy R7V-1 transport on a test flight lifted the heaviest load, 145,000 pounds, ever flown by a Constellation.

Rated as the fastest U. S. transport, this Super Constellation driven by four 3250-h.p. turbo-compound engines, set the weight-lifting record as part of a propeller test program at a California desert airport. Its normal gross takeoff weight is 130,000 pounds.

The U. S. aircraft industry has produced more than 480,000 planes during its 50 year history—an average of 26 planes a day—since the Wright Brothers flew the first powered airplane at Kitty Hawk, N. C., in 1903.

More than 27 per cent of these are still in existence. About two-thirds of the 27 per cent are in active operation with world airlines, military forces and private operators.

At flight speeds of the latest fighters, it takes less than 20 minutes to fly from New

York to Washington, D. C. Best airline time is 55 minutes.

A recently developed turbojet engine is two and one-half times as powerful as the combined four engines of a War II heavy bomber—yet its weight is less than that of the older bomber's engines and propellers.

First details of parachute brake research which resulted in the F-94C Starfire becoming the first production fighter-type plane equipped with a deceleration chute were recently released by Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Studies show that the type of nylon chute finally adopted for the jet interceptor provides marked economies in tires, brakes and landing gear maintenance. It also enables the 600-m.p.h. plane to land in almost half the distance that would be necessary without the extra deceleration device.

The drag parachute answered the need for an auxiliary means of deceleration to compensate for the Starfire's higher land-

ing speed, which increased wear on brake installations, landing gear and tires.

From the standpoint of both stockholders and employees, the most important accomplishment of the year at The Glenn L. Martin Company was the return to profitable operations.

The company's annual report revealed the sales for the year amounted to \$143,999,382 compared with \$68,480,519 for 1951. Net income was \$5,808,312, equivalent to \$3.03 per share on 1,913,974 shares outstanding at the end of the year, compared with a loss of \$22,178,434 for the previous year.

Next in importance was a reduction in the company's debt. On December 31, 1952, the company's interest-bearing debt, including advance payments, amounted to approximately \$27,000,000, a reduction of over \$26,000,000 from the end of 1951.

A fleet of Convair R3Y-1 "Tradewind" transport seaplanes, fastest flying boats in the 40-year history of water-based aviation, will be ready for trans-Pacific Navy service in 1954.

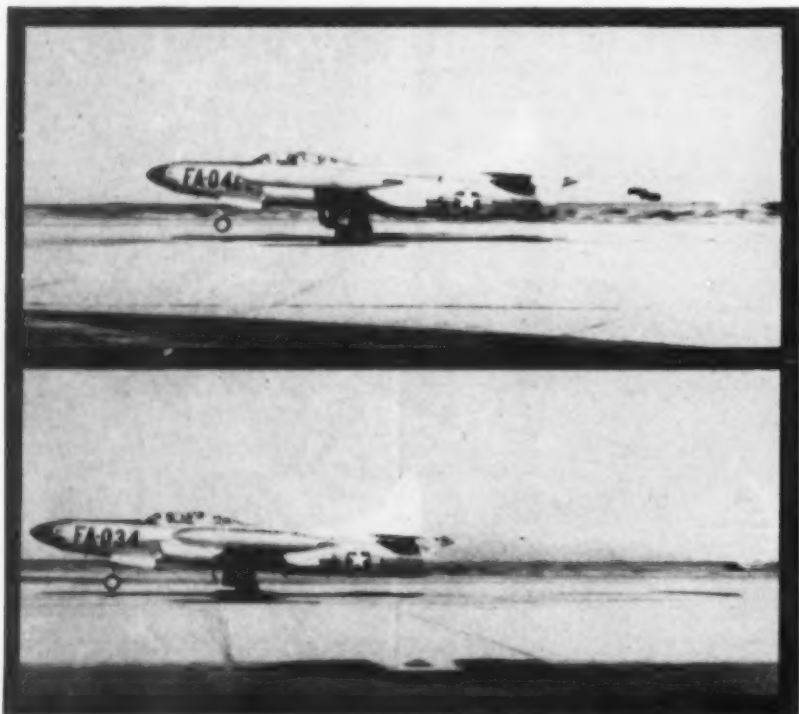
Convair President Joseph T. McNarney said the new-type seaplanes are designed to cruise at long distances at nearly double the speed of existing transport flying boats while carrying the same or greater payloads.

Design top speed is more than 350 miles per hour, he said. On the longest legs of the Navy's transoceanic air supply routes a substantial payload can be hauled at an approximate speed of 300 miles per hour. For shorter hops the payload can be nearly doubled. Takeoff time, with full load, is approximately 30 seconds.

The Beech-designed USAF T-34A primary trainer has been ordered into sustained and quantity production in the United States and Canada for the Air Force.

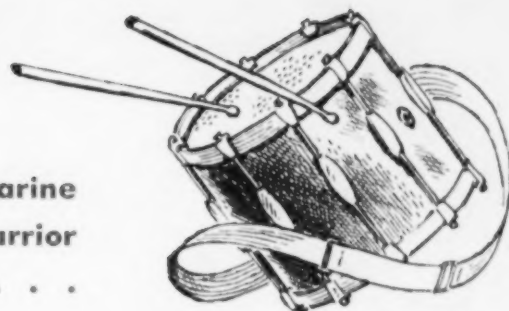
According to USAF spokesmen, the Beechcraft two-place trainer will replace the familiar T-6 "Texan" which has been used since the end of War II as an interim primary trainer in lieu of a more suitable aircraft.

Powered with a 225 h/p Continental engine with a constant speed prop, the new trainer has a top speed of 180 miles per hour, a service ceiling of over 20,000 feet and a range of 785 miles. It is equipped with fully retractable tricycle landing gear and a steerable nose wheel. Gross takeoff weight is approximately 2900 pounds; wing span is 32 feet 10 inches, and its length is 25 feet 11 inches.



Lockheed F-94C Starfires demonstrate new slow-down parachute. When plane lands, a small pilot chute drags package containing full size deceleration parachute from jet's special storage compartment

Gunner Samuel B. Watson had been a Marine for 36 years. He was a professional warrior who could stir human emotions with . . .



THE BEAT OF THE DRUM

by Andrew Geer
Author of "The New Breed"

Illustrated by Norval E. Packwood, Jr.,
Leatherneck Art Director



MARINE GUNNER SAM WATSON slapped the morning paper open and began to read. The Gunner was two fingers over six feet and nearly half that across the shoulders. The drawn belly and slim flanks of a greyhound gave his uniform a recruiting poster look, but this was explained in his medical record as malaria. His hair was blue-black with thin patrols of

gray working through it, and his face had layers and layers of tan from Peiping (when it was called Peking), Guatemala and Guadalcanal.

Sam Watson's profession was war and his hobby men. In his profession he had a credit rating in color on his left chest four wide and five deep; in line with his hobby, he never forgot a face, seldom a name, and the beneficiaries of his aid roamed the world.

On the second page he came on a picture that caused his mind's eye to stutter and jump like a movie off the film track.

"Robert Kipling—" Sam muttered as he frowned at the picture. With the face partially covered by an up-flung hand, he couldn't be certain. Sam lifted his eyes to the ceiling. As though reading a muster roll, he continued to muse aloud, "—Kipling, Robert J., pla-

TURN PAGE



BEAT OF THE DRUM (cont.)

toon sergeant, George Company, Second Battalion—"

His voice faded as the jumbled eye-picture came into focus and the thin veil of memory fog drifted away. Lifting the telephone, he asked to be put through to the executive officer.

"Watson speaking, Major. I have urgent business in San Francisco and would like the day off."

The telephone laughed in his ear and asked, "Who's in trouble now, Gunner?"

"Just a hunch, Major."

"Tell me about it when you get back."

"Yes, sir."

Going to his quarters, Sam changed

into blues, and checking through the gate, waited for transportation across the Bay Bridge. As he stood in the bus shelter looking out over the curling whitecaps to the spider web of steel of the two bridges, he hoped the boy he was going to see in the city prison wasn't the one he knew.

At Market he transferred from the Navy bus to city transportation and rode to the Hall of Justice. Striding down the dim, musty corridors, he let himself into a dimmer, mustier room and approached the waist-high counter.

"Hello, Johnny," he said quietly.

"Heh! What're you doing here, Sam?" A knotted hand jutting out of a frayed police sergeant's sleeve reached across and met his. "Come inside and sit."

Sam settled into the offered chair.

"It's been a long time, Johnny," he said, folding his white gloves.

"That it has. How long've you been stationed here?"

"Not very long. Since I got back from China." Sam let his eyes explore his friend's face and he wondered just how much he remembered of those days around Veuilly Woods . . . some men remembered only what pleased them. "How d' you like this duty, Johnny?" he asked.

"After 25 years, it becomes a habit," Johnny shrugged. "No kicks. I'm off the pavement. I sit here eight hours a day bookin' a lot in . . . letting a few out. A good lash-up." He smiled and lolled back in his highbacked swivel chair. "See any of the old gang?"

"Only those who stayed in." Slowly Sam recalled names he wanted to re-



Sam had three minutes to make them feel the way he did about Kip

call; names that brought up faces and places that had to do with the first big war. "Remember Hill 142?" he asked.

Johnny nodded. "I'll never forget that morning. And—" he added throatily, "the thanks I owe you. Desertion under fire is a tough rap to beat."

Sam eased back. With some men, a secret shared of a moment's weakness became a festering sore. Johnny was remembering things the way they should be; a favor done was cement to the foundation of friendship.

Finally, when the first spillway of memories slowed and there was a pause, Johnny asked, "What can I do for you, Sam?"

"I'm interested in a boy you've got locked up. Kipling's his name. What's the dope on him?"

"Hold-up job. One of the gang killed

... three got away an' we caught this bird Kipling."

"Cut and dried?"

"Just about. The robbery detail've been trailing this gang for weeks and finally caught up with them when they were heisting a bar. Kipling had been casing the place for days." Johnny ran a heavy hand over his face. "Too many of these young guys out of service know too much about guns." He shrugged.

Sam nodded. "I think he was in my outfit on Iwo. Could I see him?"

"You should've been a missionary, Sam." Johnny laughed but sobered quickly. "Maybe you can get him to talk ... we couldn't. He thinks he's a lot tougher than he is."

"If he's the Kipling I know, Johnny,

he is tough ... and one of the finest fighting men I ever knew."

"I'll do all I can to help, but it won't be much," the police sergeant warned. "We've had more robberies the first six months of this year than we had in nine last. The judges are getting mean and the people scared ... and that means juries're tough."

"I'm a military man and wouldn't know about such things," Sam rose. "But I'd like to talk to him."

"Okay. I'll have him moved out of the tank and into a cell where you can talk in private. Don't worry, there won't be any ears on what you say."

Waiting until the turnkey was out of earshot, Sam peered through the bars and saw Kipling seated on the iron drop bunk, elbows on knees, his head in his hands, staring at the floor.

TURN PAGE

BEAT OF THE DRUM (cont.)

"Kipling—" Sam said softly.

"What do you want?" A hoarse voice answered him.

"I want to talk to you, Kip."

The haggard face came up slowly. "Gunner!" Kipling rushed to the door. "What're you doing here?"

"I saw the morning paper." Sam stepped inside and his hand was met by a firm clasp.

"You're the last man in the world I expected . . . I'm sure glad to see you." Kipling said with a sobbing breath whistling through his lips.

"Thanks." Sam let his hand touch the boy's shoulder before he slipped a pack of cigarettes from an inside pocket. They lighted up and Sam broke the match and put it back in the pocket with the cigarettes. "Before we go any further, Kip, I want the truth. Were you mixed up in this?"

Kipling threw his head back and looked at Sam steadily. His hand came up and removed the cigarette from quivering lips. "I didn't do it, Gunner." He paused. With an effort he controlled his voice. "I know it sounds corny, but I'll swear it with my hand on that picture."

Sam watched the thin, pinched face and remembered another time when he had looked into the same face and had been told a story that was hard to believe . . . but he had gambled the lives of a hundred men on it.

"I believe you, Kip. Now sit down and tell me about it."

Kipling slumped down on the bunk and drew deeply on the smoke. "After I got out, I went to Iowa where my wife's old man owns a corner grocery. I rode the Veterans' Benefit Train to the end of the line, then I went to work for the old boy. We lived with them."



He shrugged and ran his fingers through his unkempt hair. "I wasn't cut out for that kind of work. I just about went crazy. Maybe, if we'd had a place of our own, we could've made it. I don't know. I thought about going back in, but there was all that talk about guys not being able to make a go of it on the outside and only deadheads staying in."

Sam nodded. "I've heard that the second time around. It gets to be old stuff."

"Anyway, I couldn't take it, so I just shoved off and came out to Frisco. I worked here and there . . . spending more'n I made and drinking more'n I could handle. After a time, I ran out of jobs and got to hanging around this joint." Kipling tossed his cigarette into the corner scuttle. "It's next to a book-making place and when guys made a killing on the races they'd always stand you a drink and some chow." Kipling shook his head and looked up at Sam. "Tomorrow I was always going to sober up and get a job."

"Tomorrow never came?"

"Not until today."

"What about last night?"

Kipling closed his eyes and his dark lashes were lost in the darker circles underneath. "It was a little after midnight. It'd been a good day. Three or four birds had hit it lucky and I was pretty well gone when four guys came in waving pistols." He looked directly at Sam. "Three of them had service models, .45 automatics, and the one had a Jap Nambu . . . the model that looks like a Luger."

Sam nodded.

"They went at it business-like. Two lined the customers along the wall and went to frisking them. The third, the one with the Nambu, went behind the counter and sacked the till. The fourth guy stayed by the door."

"Where were you?" Sam asked.

"I was on a stool at the end of the bar and the bird at the door said, 'Stay where you are!' I guess he could tell from looking at me, I wasn't worth frisking and too far gone to cause trouble."

"Go on—"

"All those pistols being waved around sobered me up quick. When the guy at the door went to the bar to take the sack of cash from his friend behind it, I slid off the stool and edged toward the door. I figured I'd make a break for the outside and yell 'copper.'"

Sam handed him another cigarette. "What happened then?"

"All hell broke loose. I made a break for the door just as the cops piled in . . . and the lights went out for me. When I came to I was in the paddy wagon with the dead man. They

put him in the morgue and me in here." The boy stared at the floor. "Now they tell me that I was casing the joint . . . and when the one moved away from the door, I moved over to cover for him." Kipling's mouth worked and the cigarette jerked up and down. "Unless they find the three who got away, I'm it."

"We'll see." Sam handed him the pack of cigarettes. "Dig in and hold on! I'll see what I can do."

On the way out Sam paused in front of Johnny's desk. "Here's ten dollars. Will you see that Kip gets a razor, clean underwear and socks, and cigarettes? I'll be back later."

"Did he tell you anything, Sam?"

"He told me he didn't do it."

"They all say that."

"Only I believe the boy." Sam paused at the door and turned. "Johnny, is Burrhead Wilson still chief clerk for the Superior Court?"

"Yes." Johnny frowned. "What're you up to, Sam?"

"Just calling on an old friend. Be seeing you, John."

Sam blinked in the bright sunlight as he stood on the steps pulling on his white gloves. Thoughtfully he stared across Portsmouth Square. Coming to a sudden decision, he made his way to the Russell Building. On the directory he found the name of George Davies and took the elevator to the 14th floor where he talked to a little receptionist who was properly impressed with his blues and ribbons.

She hurried into an inner office and a moment later a big, round man flung the door open. "Come in, Sam," he bellowed, "come right in!"

Davies pumped his hand vigorously and pulled Sam through the door. "I'm not to be disturbed, Miss Crandall," he said before closing it.

Sam sat down and let his eyes roam. "I heard you were doing well, George," he grinned, "but I didn't think it was quite this well."

"No kicks or complaints." Davies hooked a heavy leg over the arm of his chair. "How'd you come through this last fracas?"

"No pain, no strain."

"That was quite a spread you got in the Picture Gazette." Davies laughed. "It gave me a good chance to brag about knowing you and telling about those days around Chateau-Thierry."

Sam smiled.

"—I tried to get into this one, but they wouldn't have me." Davies shrugged. "I did my bit renegotiating contracts for the government. At least, I saved the country a lot of money."

Sam detected the right note of yearning in Davies' voice and switched the conversation to the old days. In a cloud of cigar smoke they reached the



"There will be no tampering with the jury selection," Davies snapped

solid ground of old memories and walked together.

Gauging the time and mood selfishly, Sam brought the talk to the present by saying, "I need help, George."

"What is it?"

"A young kid, name of Kipling. He was in my outfit at Iwo. They've got him locked up."

"What for?"

"Attempted robbery of a bar."

Davies chewed on his cigar and ran a finger under the rim of his collar. "I'm not a criminal attorney, Sam."

"This boy isn't a criminal."

"He's in jail . . ."

"But he isn't guilty!"

"How do you know?"

"He told me—"

"Good Lord, Sam!" Davies' explosive laugh puffed out his cheeks. "That's not evidence."

"To me it is."

"Just try to get that over with a judge."

"The evidence against him is all circumstantial."

"Men've been hung on it." Davies gave in with a shrug. "I once told you, if you ever needed a hand, I'd give you both of mine. That still goes. What's your plan?"

"I want to be this boy's character witness before a jury."

"Okay. We'll plead not guilty, waive the preliminary hearing and demand a jury trial. This afternoon I'll go over and see the boy. Maybe I can figure something."

"Remember Burrhead Wilson?" Sam

asked.

"Yes."

"Doesn't he make up jury panels?"

Davies' eyes narrowed. "Yes."

"I'll see that he selects a few men I know."

"Holy cow!" Davies yelled and waved his cigar. "You're crazy, Sam. You can't do that sort of thing."

"I wouldn't ask Burrhead to do anything wrong," Sam argued. "They'd all be good men and true, but they'd be Marine vets who'd know what I was talking about and believe it."

"I won't allow it!" Davies snapped. "I'm taking this case because you asked me, but there'll be no tampering with the jury selection. That understood?"

With an effort Sam concealed his disappointment. Rising, he held out his hand. "Okay, George, but don't let the case hang fire too long. I may get overseas orders any day now."

On Montgomery Street Sam paused at the curb. He couldn't blame George, he told himself. He had a career of 25 years to think about. But a hot feeling of doubt swept over him as he fumbled with his gloves. How could he make 12 strangers understand? How could he get to their hearts and past the armed trenches of their brains? His feeling of defeat increased as he thought of Johnny's words . . . "The judges're getting mean and the people scared . . . that means juries're tough."

Sam's head snapped to the right as a recruiting sound truck turned the corner and came toward him, and his spine tingled as the Adjutant's Call

came from the horns and swelled and echoed in the canyon of granite faced buildings. With his memory boiling from a thousand parades on a hundred grounds, he watched the slow progress of the truck. Even when it turned off the street five blocks away and the music dimmed and was but a thin overtone of sound, it was a throbbing, marching voice over the roar of traffic.

Turning away from the curb, Sam picked up the beat and stepped out, and his lips pursed in a shallow whistle as he watched the civilian backs moving along the street ahead of him. Unconsciously they were all a bit straighter and the steps that bore them along brisker. Full blown and vivid, his plan of operation came to him. George could never object! Sam smiled . . . George wouldn't have the chance, for he'd never know until it was over. Doing a right turn on Market, Sam bore down on Recruiting. He would cut up a few touches with Brownie.

Sam's forehead was damp with sweat as he slipped unobtrusively from the courtroom just before noon recess and waited in the corridor. George came out and with a grim smile said, "Let's get some lunch."

In silence they made their way down the worn marble steps.

"Where'd you like to eat?" Davies asked.

"I haven't time, George. I wore civilian clothes this morning because I didn't want to be noticed, but I want to get back to the Island and change into uniform before I go on the stand this afternoon."

"Put on the works, put on every ribbon you've got. It might help." With a fan of deep grooves between his eyes, he surveyed the square. "We're licked, and badly." He puffed out his cheeks in exasperation. "Not once did I reach those 12 stone faces . . . not once," he repeated.

"You got the judge to strike out the testimony about Kip being a wife deserter and living off his unemployment pay before going to work."

"Legally he hasn't deserted her, but morally he has," growled Davies. "Our good friend, that young bucko from the D. A.'s office, knew he couldn't make it stick when he brought it in, but he also knew I couldn't erase it from the minds of the jury. When they start voting, they'll remember that he lived for 52 weeks on the government before he even thought of going to work."

"That bartender was lying when he said the leader of the gang told Kip to stay by the door."

"I don't know, Sam. That's what he thinks he heard, and the other witnesses backed him up. The bandit might've said, 'Stay (continued on page 77)'"

GOING HOME



by SSgt. Patrick J. Mahoney

IT WAS COLD—the kind of cold that bites through heavy clothing. The men huddled in their parkas trying to escape the early morning wind from the rear of the open trucks. It was 0530. The haul would be tiresome, but it was the first step on the long way home. No one complained.

Service Battalion, Base Camp-headquarters for the peace talks at Panmunjom, and Easy Medical Company were passed and enveloped in dust.

Smoke from the engines at the Mun-san-ni train station hung in the air like clouds. The long convoy of trucks halted, bumper to bumper, as the lead Military Police jeep broke down on the narrow road with a flat tire.

"Dumb MPs—always foul'n' up the detail . . ." Tempers are short. Men are impatient. They are going home.

The trucks begin to roll again. The two MPs take a profane lacing as the trucks swing wide to avoid the jeep.

Men numbed by the cold, struggling beneath the heavy load of parka, rifle, and sea bag, climb down from the

trucks. Some stumble and fall. Truck by truck the men unload and make their way toward the wooden coaches. Straps break, helmets fall from heads, men jostle against other men as the mass of humanity piles aboard the train.

"This damn train is colder'n a . . ."

"Quit your griping, you're going home aren't you?"

The inevitable wait, then the train jerks into action. Non-lubricated wheels screech as the train moves out. Slowly at first, an inch at a time, then gradually it picks up speed. An old-young Corporal gives a sigh of relief as the train leaves familiar countryside behind in a wake of smoke. A screaming whistle shouts its final defiance as the train passes a sleeping village.

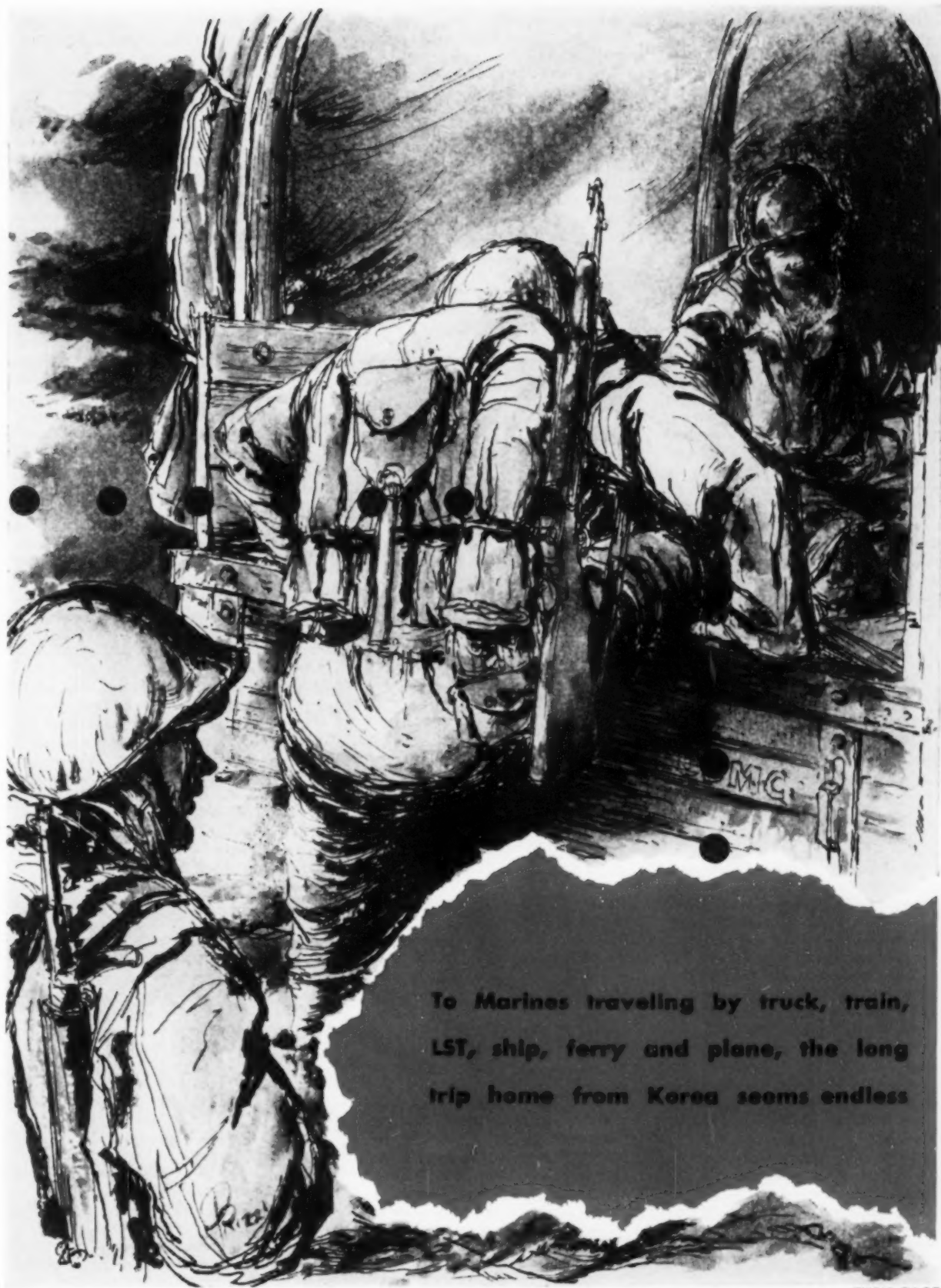
The clicking of the rails is soothing. Ordnance Battalion, Artillery Supply Point, familiar landmarks, are passed and forgotten. The big mountain to the north of Seoul is left astern. Finally the train screeches and jerks to a halt at Seoul Station.

A small army of ragged children swarms outside the train windows try-

ing to sell their wares. Chief products are brass chevrons made from old shell casings and little badges with "KOREA" painted on them. Many carry shoe shine boxes. A runny-nosed boy, slightly larger than the rest, yells "Hey Joe, you buy G.I. whiskey?"

Suddenly a policeman yells from the top of the stairs leading into the station. As he races down the stairs the children flee in every direction. One boy running across the tracks trips and falls. The policeman grabs him roughly by the shoulder. The boy cries. A train parked across the way on a siding is loaded with New Zealanders going to the front; they jeer at the policeman. As the policeman looks up to answer the jeers, the boy breaks free and scoots under the train. The policeman makes his way back up the stairs to the station.

Boarded-up windows, bullet holes in the masonry, and shells of buildings are grim reminders of the earlier days of the war. Seoul, the capital city which changed hands five times, stands in ruins, but thousands of Koreans and fighting men pass through her streets



To Marines traveling by truck, train,
LST, ship, ferry and plane, the long
trip home from Korea seems endless

GOING HOME (cont.)

every day. Business goes on as usual.

A warning blast of the whistle and the train begins to move. The bridge spanning the Han river is crossed slowly, and Yong-dong-po, crowded city of easy virtue, is entered and left behind in a matter of minutes. The low rolling plains become a maze of symmetrical rice paddies. Soon the former Japanese munition center, known now as Ascom City, comes into view. At Bupyeong the train stops, switches to a siding, and comes to its destination—Tent City—the rotation center for the First Division.

The men disembark from the train and are assigned to companies alphabetically. Single file they come through the gate discarding their rifles and 782 gear. Your right shoulder that bore the weight of the M-1 for over a year feels strangely naked. Ammunition is collected. Cartridge belt, canteen, bayonet, and first aid pouch are dropped into separate bins. Despite the weariness from the long train ride and the cold, the morale of the men is high.

Processing begins immediately. What normally takes three days to complete must now be done in one. Sea bags brought from the states a year ago must be drawn, and shortages issued at the Quartermaster. Finally, your pride and joy—your thermo-boots—are turned in. Within 26 hours the entire process will be completed and the troops will be standing by for the trucks that will carry them to the port of Inchon, to the ship, to home.

Processing is efficient and rapid. Companies are moving somewhere at all times. Clothes are drawn at midnight, and supper for some is 2000.

The tents are cold. Oil, rationed to one five gallon can per stove per day, necessitates keeping the thermostat at five or below during the day. Because of the closeness of one tent to another in Tent City, a guard must be established within the tent if the stoves are to be kept lighted all night. Tired Marines turn the stoves out; fully clothed, they crawl into their sleeping bags for a few hours sleep. Early the next morning processing begins again. By noon all cold weather clothing has been turned in with the exception of the parka, all new clothing has been drawn, and the medical department is happy. The 25th Rotation Draft is ready to sail.

Now the long wait.

Unloading of the incoming draft has been delayed.

More fuel oil is issued for the tents and C-rations are broken out for the evening meal. Sleeping bags having been turned in, blankets are drawn, and the men try to get a few hours sleep.

About midnight the loudspeaker blares out "King Company, outside to board trucks."

The Navy Corpsmen Company goes first, followed by Able, Baker, Charlie, etc., until all the companies have boarded the trucks. The convoy moves out. The road to Inchon is paved; the ride is somewhat smooth. It is almost 0130 when the first trucks arrive at the Tidal Basin at Inchon. Parkas are thrown onto a waiting semi-truck. The last of the cold weather clothing has been turned in. The men huddle in their field jackets.

Company by company, the men file onto the waiting LST. The entire draft must pack into this ship like sardines.



Three hours are required to complete the loading.

There is no room to move about in the well deck of the LST. Seabags and men are packed closely together. Men shift their weight from one hip to the other.

One young man, obviously enjoying all this high adventure, breaks the silence with a song. His high voice squeaks out:

"Bless 'em all, bless 'em all.

The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the . . ."

No one joins in the singing. A Staff Sergeant says "Get John Wayne, will you!" and everybody laughs. The owner of the singing voice turns violently red, and discovers something interesting about his shoes.

The LST is loaded but does not move from the pier.

"Let's go home!"

"Come on, let's move this rust bucket!"

Men try to sleep standing up. Cigarettes are lighted and conversation is made out of necessity.

Men become impatient.

"Quit'cher shoving!"

"I ain't shoving, the sea bags are falling down."

Adverse tides force the LSTs to go through the locks of the Tidal Basin. More time is consumed.

At approximately 0700 the LST noses up to the lighter aside the USNS *General Nelson M. Walker*, TAP-125. The ship is at anchor well out in the harbor. The *Jutlandia*, the Danish Hospital ship which has cared for so many wounded Marines, lies off the stern.

At 0800 the ship gets underway; the port of Inchon is left in the wake. Going home!

Several hundred soldiers from different units of the Eighth Army are aboard. They are to leave the ship at Sasebo, Japan, for further processing before returning to the States.

Men are assigned bunks by number and compartment while breakfast, the first meal aboard ship, is served. Rosters are made of each compartment and members of the guard and messmen are assigned.

About 1500 the first day at sea, the troops are told that there will be liberty in Sasebo where the ship must re-fuel and unload the soldiers. Greens and dress shoes are broken out of sea bags and the ritual of getting squared away for liberty begins. Shoes are spit-shined, and irons are broken out to press the wrinkled greens.

Scuttlebutt of all varieties passes throughout the ship. No second guessing—straight scoop—straight from the guy that stood bridge guard. Scuttlebutt! The age-old Nemesis of the Marine.

"They say we'll go on up to Yokosuka after we re-fuel. Gonna pick up more of the Army."

"Naw, we're gonna be here for four days till the Army gets processed and we'll all go home together."

By 1100 hours on the second day out of Inchon the *Walker* makes her way slowly through the crowded harbor of Sasebo. The word is passed over the loudspeaker that picture taking within the harbor is forbidden. The entire guard is turned out above deck to enforce the regulation. A reminder that we are not yet out of the war zone. Shutterbugs line the rails and look at the warships, irked that they cannot take pictures.

The disembarking Army personnel eat noon chow first and begin leaving the ship immediately afterward. By

1400 hours the last of the Army personnel have debarked, and the rush for signing out on liberty begins.

Liberty expires at 2300.

A fine mist greets the Marines soon after leaving the ship. The men line up for Yen sales on the street outside the dock area. The Yen sales windows are set up like the parimutuel betting windows at the race track. One set of windows is for sales of 10 dollars and below. Another set is for 15 dollar sales, while the third group of windows was set up to handle sales of 25 dollars and up. The exchange is rapid and efficient. Marines with pockets full of Yen hail taxis and head for town.

The mist turns into rain. All thoughts of having uniforms cleaned and pressed are forgotten. Raincoats issued at Ascom City were left aboard ship. Frequent rain squalls are common during the winter months in Japan.

First stop for many of the Marines is a cabaret where a "cool one" can be had. Souvenir shops do a landslide business as Marines take advantage of their last stop in Japan.

Ribbons and battle stars are purchased from sidewalk vendors. Order of precedence for service ribbons is unknown to many of the younger Marines.

"Hey Al, look at these silk pajamas I bought. 'Gonna sleep in 'em all the way home. Hey, Joe, look at these, I'm civilized again!"

"Think my girl will like these pearls?"

"Can't get binoculars at home for this price."

The cabarets are crowded with homeward-bound Marines. Pretty Japanese girls are available for dancing.

Beer prices jump from 160 to 200 yen per bottle. The Marines know this but do not care. "This is my last liberty in Japan."

The price of food is reasonable, but Marines are wary of eating in Japanese restaurants, even the approved ones. When hungry, most meals are procured at one of the Naval installations on the beach.

The rain continues to pour down, driving the majority of the Marines indoors. The street vendors are unhappy, but the bartenders are kept busy.

Rain pounding on the thin canvas roof of the rickshaw makes you sleepy as you return to the ship. It is only 2200, you have another hour, but it's raining and you have a load of packages, so back to the ship you go. You pay the rickshaw driver, and stand in line in the rain waiting your turn to sign back in.

By the time you get aboard, you and your purchases are thoroughly wet. The Japanese record of "China Night" you bought ashore is warped from the rain. The balsam wood box of hand-tied fishing flies feels gummy in your hand.

As you come aboard, a table has been set up to convert any unused Military Script into United States greenbacks. Real money! After a year away from the States, it's a pleasure to have green money in your hand again. From now on all purchases made from the ship's store will be made with U.S. currency. The soft drink vending machines aboard will take U.S. nickels. Buying a five cent coke is a sure sign that you are on your way home.

In the morning of the third day after leaving Korea, the anchor ball is dropped, the colors are switched

from the stern to the mast, and with the help of two tugs, the *Walker* gets underway. Next stop San Francisco.

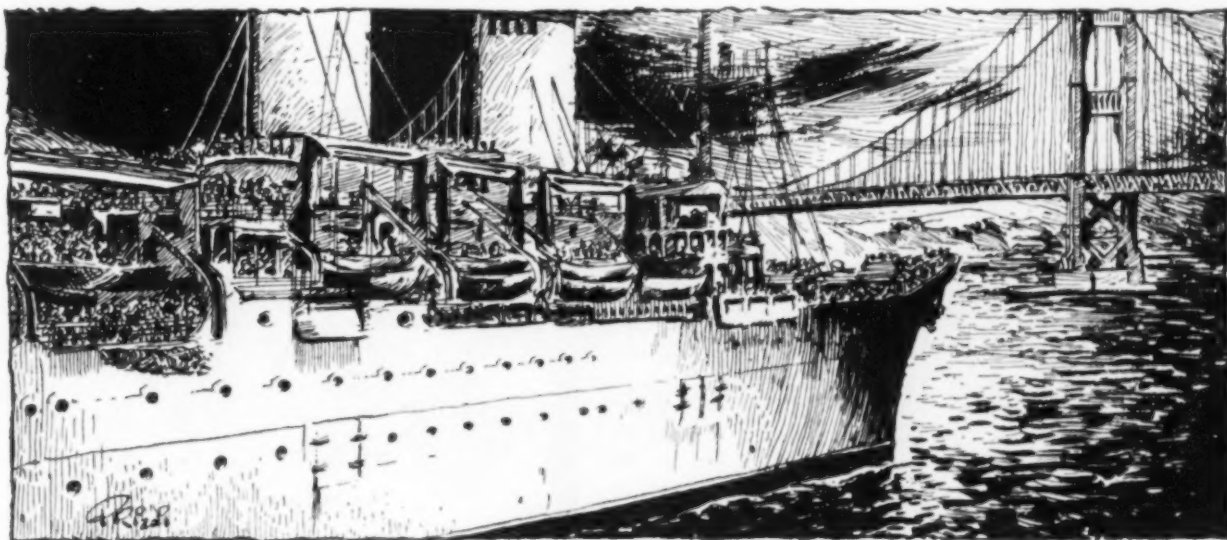
Life aboard ship becomes routine. The crossing is to be made in 10 days so the men settle down to shipboard life.

Chow lines, morning inspections of compartments and personnel, police call twice a day, and movies on the after hatch every night. Daily prayer services are put out over the entire ship by public address system by the Chaplain. Special Services provides magazines and the inevitable pinochle game can be found on any deck. The ship swings slightly south.

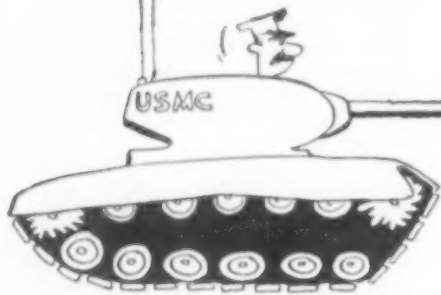
The draft liaison team and the clerks of the draft Sergeant Major work around the clock in two shifts getting clothing requisitions and temporary Identification Cards made out. The paper work of a rotation draft is unending.

A ship's newspaper is put out daily by members of the rotation personnel. Daily bingo games with prizes of radios, wrist watches and electric razors are held for each compartment. A variety show, "The Homeward Bound Frolics" is put on by and for the troops. Two "Mondays" resulted from the crossing of the International Date Line. Time passes swiftly.

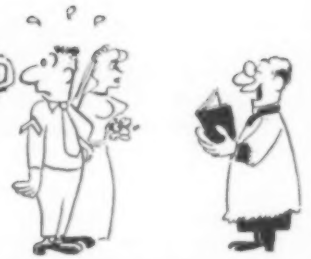
The word gets around the ship that we will pick up our harbor pilot at San Francisco Lightship on the night of our tenth day of sailing. At 2330 the ship's propellers come to a halt for the first time since leaving Japan. A small boat pulls alongside and the harbor pilot scrambles up the ladder to the starboard quarterdeck. By 0130 all decks are packed with Marines eager to get their first glimpse of the U.S.A. in 14 months. A long string of yellow lights (continued on page 78)



Leatherneck



Laffs



"There's a lieutenant inspecting the galley today . . .
you show him around!"



". . . and these larger kettles are used for the salads,
Lieutenant!"

Leatherneck Magazine



"Okay, who's th' wise guy what put this sign by
my foxhole?"



"It sure beats prisoner raids!"



" 'Scuse me, please."



"Merely superstition, of course, but on the other hand . . ."

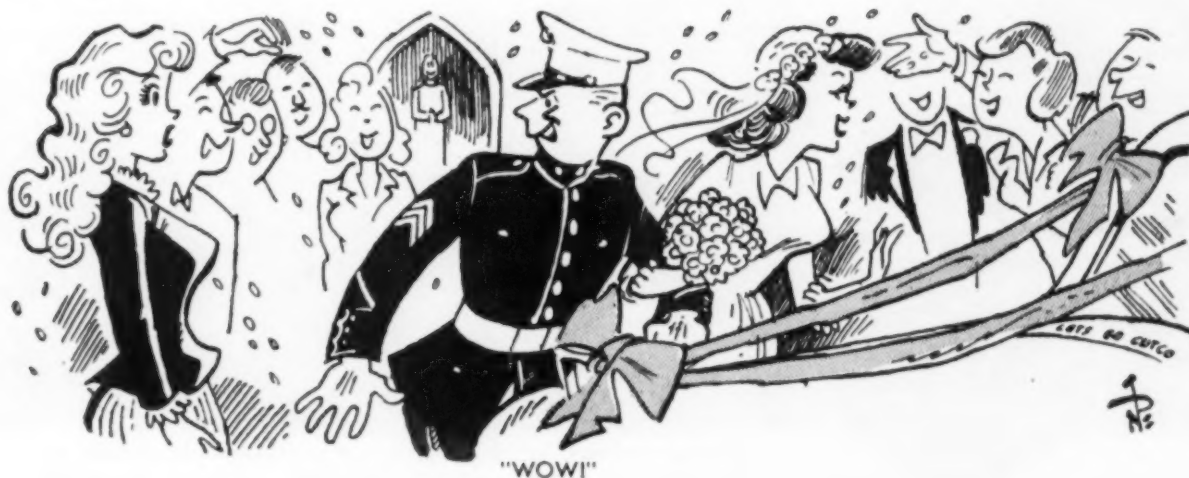


"They've lowered the height requirements again!"



"That's a lot of hokey about the dames going for these dress blues!"

Leatherneck Magazine



"WOW!"



Marines and Welch Fusiliers continue
traditional rivalry in Jamaica rifle matches



JAMAICA MATCH

by SSgt. Richard R. Sims
Leatherneck Staff Writer



Brigadier Jackson, British Caribbean Area Commander, speaks to the assembled shooters and spectators after the scores are posted

THE SECOND ANNUAL rifle match between the Marines stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and the Royal Welch Fusiliers was fired at Kingston, Jamaica. The Marine rifle team came in first, but only by a margin of two points. The Royal Welch Fusiliers copped the individual high shooter spot.

The friendly rivalry of the Fusiliers and Marines dates back to 1900 when both organizations fought together in the Boxer Rebellion. Marines and Fusiliers took part in the relief of Peking and the battle of Tientsin.

In 1937, the Marines and Fusiliers were again serving together in China. This time during the Japanese invasion of China, they were both stationed at the International Settlement in Shanghai.

During that period of service the tradition of rifle competition began. Teams from the Fourth Marines and the Royal Welch met on the rifle ranges in China and competed for trophies.

Since the arrival of the Welch Fusiliers at Kingston, Jamaica, in 1951, matches have been resumed between the Marines at Guantanamo and the Welch. The first match of the new series was fired in Cuba in March of 1952.

The second match, fired in December at Jamaica, ended with the Marine team winning by a score of 1253 as compared with a score of 1251 fired by the Welch. This match was fired in two stages, one stage fired each day.

The first stage of the contest was a match similar to the old "infantry match" formerly used by service rifle

TURN PAGE



On the run from the 600- to the 500-yard line, shooters prepare to fall and fire. Targets will appear briefly as men reach the firing line



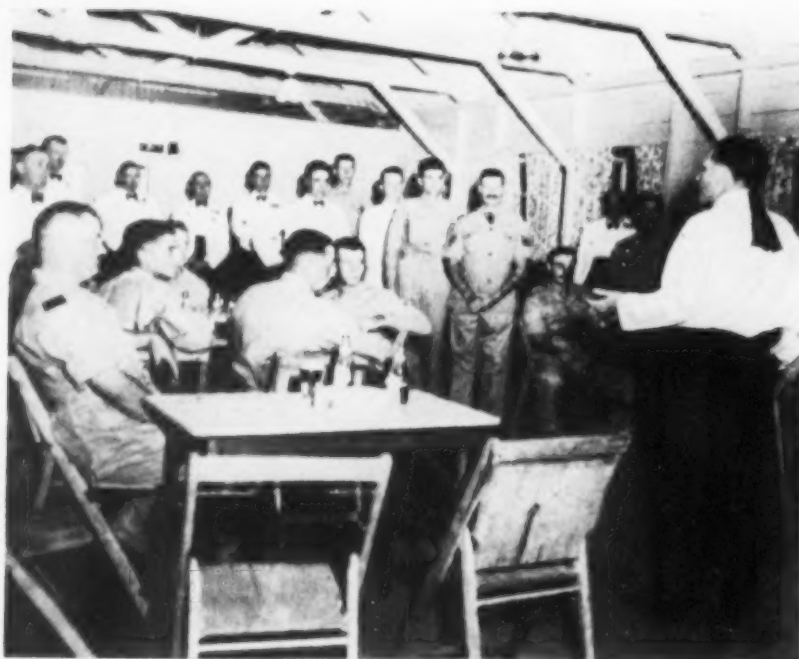
Major Whittaker receives the award for individual high score from Brigadier Jackson. He fired a 341 out of a possible 400 to win title



Shooters drop into prone position for rapid fire on the 300-yard line. Slings are not being used



The winning team (l to r): TSgt. Ray, Pfc Smigla, Captain Carr, Corporal Mikulecky and Pfc Beal



LtCol. J. R. Johnson, CO of the Fusiliers, speaks to the group at beer party. His father commanded Welch Fusiliers at Pekin in 1900

JAMAICA MATCH (cont.)

teams. In this match ten rounds of slow fire are shot from the 600-yard line, then fire and movement shooting comes into play. Two rounds each are fired at the 500-, 400-, 300-, 200- and 100-yard lines with one minute to fire and run to the next firing line.

During the matches the sling was not used to steady the rifle, the idea being to simulate combat conditions of firing as much as possible.

Other interesting features of the match were snap shooting at a 21-inch moving target and strings of rapid fire in the offhand position.

Second stage of the match was more conventional. It consisted of slow fire from the prone position at 600, 500, 300 and 200 yards.

Individual high shooter for the match was Major T. W. Whittaker of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, who fired 341 out of a possible 400. Second place went to Marine Corporal T. L. Miku-lecky with a 337 and third spot was

captured by another Marine, Corporal H. E. Seeba with 332.

On hand to witness the matches were the commanding officers of the two units, Colonel J. B. Hill, USMC, and Lieutenant Colonel J. R. Johnson, RWF. Following the matches, medals were presented to the winners by Brigadier A. C. F. Jackson, British Commander for the Caribbean Area.

Friendship on an informal basis was established between the two units at a beer party which followed the matches. Americans and Britishers had opportunities to compare uniforms and swap sea stories.

Marines learned that the five black ribbons attached to the back of the collar of the Fusiliers is called a "flash," and is a traditional part of the uniform. It dates back to when the troops wore pig-tails and a "flash" was worn to keep hair-oil and powder off the coat collar.

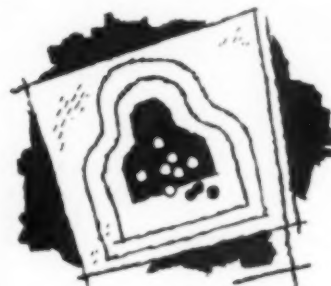
The Welch in turn learned much of the traditions of the Corps. The practice of having a bulldog mascot at most Marine Barracks must have

interested them, because every battalion of the Royal Fusiliers has a mascot named "Billy." He is a goat, presented by the reigning Sovereign. Billy leads all parades with a coat of gilt paint on his horns.

Royal Welch Fusiliers have in common with the United States Marine Corps a history of long and varied service. The two units probably met for the first time at Bunker Hill during the American Revolution—on opposite sides of the battle field.

In addition to service together during the Boxer Rebellion, the two units served in France during World War I and later in the Occupation of Germany in 1919. Friendship between the units grew stronger in the years which followed.

John Philip Sousa, leader of the Marine Band for many years, composed a march entitled "The Royal Welch Fusiliers" in commemoration of their service with Marines in 1900 in North China. This march was first played by the Marine Band in 1930 at Washington, D. C.



During the 30s the tradition of exchanging greetings between the Marines and the Fusiliers was begun. Every year on Saint David's Day the Commandant of the Marine Corps sends a message to the Commanding Officer of the Royal Welch Fusiliers:

"AND ST. DAVID."

These are the last three words of a traditional toast of the Fusiliers. Saint David is the patron saint of Wales, and the Welch celebrate his day as the Irish celebrate St. Patrick's Day.

Royal Welch Fusiliers during the American Revolution once served as Marines aboard ships of the British Fleet. Their service was notable and marked with acts of bravery; their stand in the battle of Yorktown caused a change in the plan of battle.

The next shooting competition between the Marines and the Fusiliers will probably be held in August or September when another rifle match is tentatively scheduled. Shooters from both units are looking forward to the return engagement. These days, fortunately, they're not shooting at each other!

END



NEW BRITISH LIGHT ARMS

by Roger Marsh



⬠ The Browning 9-mm. autopistol

The Patchett machine carbine ⬡

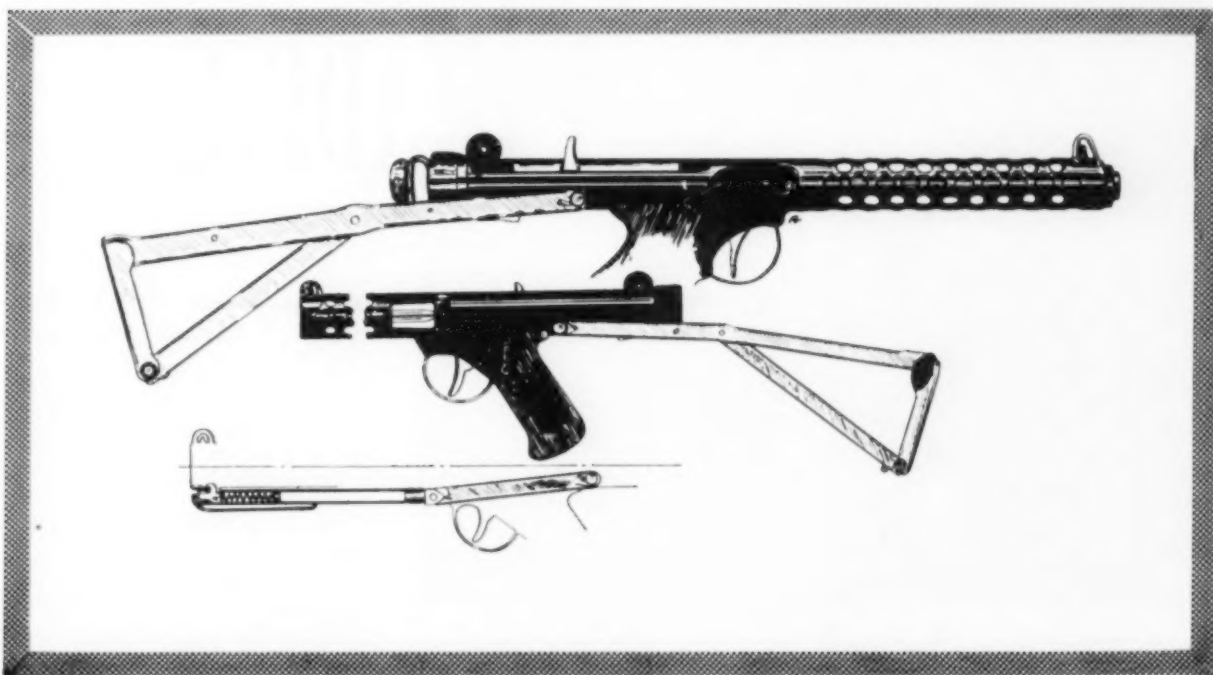
A REVOLUTION SEEMS to be taking place in Great Britain these days; the British have undertaken to replace their service rifle, their medium machine gun, their sub machine gun (or machine carbine) and their service pistol. No other nation is known to have made so sweeping a revision of its entire small arms system in so short a time.

The new 7-mm. (.276", although it is generally described as .280") service rifle and the gas operated machine gun using the same cartridge have attracted the attention of the press. It is interesting to note here that the designers of the rifle and MG, having found that their cartridge received a rather cool reception from the U.S., are now preparing a beefed-up version of the cartridge and gun for submission to the NATO powers.

Not so widely reported, however, have been the Patchett machine-carbine and the Browning 9-mm. high-power pistol.

The British have had about 15 years to evaluate the pistol-caliber submachine gun—more than 15 if you count the 750 Thompson submachine guns purchased for the Irish Republican Army for use against British soldiers! They have used their Thompsons and Lanchesters and Stens of various "Marks" through a major war, a minor war and a police action.

Although the opinion of the U.S. Army's Chief (continued on page 79)





On a French island colony 200 miles from Guadalcanal, Sgt. O'Hearn (Burt Lancaster) organizes the local lads to help fight the Japanese



The south seas were never like this! Lovely Virginia Mayo is the heroine of Warner Bros. newest Marine film

SOUTH SEA PARADISE

by MSgt. Roy Heinecke
Leatherneck Staff Writer

If you think you have troubles, then check these specifications facing MGySgt. James O'Hearn

THE SENIOR MEMBER of the Court-Martial Board rises from his seat at the tribunal table, faces the small assemblage of Marines and orders:

"Bring in the accused!"

An orderly about faces smartly, opens the side door leading into the courtroom and Master Gunnery Sergeant James O'Hearn, flanked by two MPs, enters the brightly lighted room. Coming to a halt before the five offi-

cers of the General Court-Martial Board, the beribboned Marine, recipient of hundreds of thousands of fan letters, stands erect and waits for the next order.

The senior officer, a Marine colonel, clears his throat and intones:

"The court-martial will open."

And then turning to the prisoner, he adds:

"Does the accused object to any member of this court?"

"No, sir."

"Then the Judge Advocate will read the charges and specifications."

A Navy lieutenant, sharp and ferret-eyed, steps from behind his table, walks to a spot just five paces in front of the Marine sergeant and begins:

"Charge one. Desertion . . . In that Sergeant James O'Hearn, United States Marine Corps, while so serving with the Fourth Marine Regiment, Shanghai, China, did on or about November 24, 1941, desert from said regiment and from the United States Naval Service, and did remain a deserter for 276 days until apprehended and taken into custody."

"Charge two. Theft . . . In that Sergeant James O'Hearn did feloniously steal a yacht valued at \$275,000, leaving a receipt bearing the forged signature of the President of the United States."

"Charge three. Shanghaiing sailors . . . In that Sergeant James O'Hearn, by assault with a deadly weapon and by threat of murder on the French Colonial island of Namou, did forcibly assemble a crew to sail said stolen yacht."

"Charge four. Scandalous conduct . . . In that Sergeant James O'Hearn did leave Shanghai with a woman named Ginger Martin and . . ."

"Charge five. Wilful destruction of private property . . . In that Sergeant James O'Hearn did maliciously and without provocation sink a saloon!"

To any Marine master sergeant occupying the pivot spot in that little bit of drama it could well spell the end of a military career, plus some brig time. In fact, he might find himself in front of a firing squad. But to Sgt. O'Hearn, better known to the signers of his fan letters as Burt Lancaster, it is the opening scene of Warner Brothers' latest Marine epic, "South Sea Paradise."

Slated for release in July, "South Sea Paradise" is billed as a rollicking comedy about two Marines and a girl. The opening days of World War II provide the setting, hence the now defunct title of master gunnery sergeant. The gal is Warners' biggest box office attraction, Virginia Mayo.

As the court-martial, basic scene of the production, rolls along, the prospective audiences will be taken, in flashbacks, to the year 1941 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt ordered the Marines out of Shanghai, just two weeks before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. A young Pfc, portrayed by Chuck Connors, a former professional baseball player, now in the acting business, goes astray as the last remnants of the Fourth Marines are shipping out. He goes looking for his girl friend, Virginia Mayo, who is work-



It's Christmas in July when Lancaster finds stowaway Virginia Mayo but Burt keeps cool despite south sea sarong, tropic heat and greens



Burt Lancaster plays a convincing role as a master gunnery sergeant in the latest Marine saga. Here he prepares to let a grenade fly



Chuck Conners and Burt Lancaster take ten. Though both are former Army privates, they picked up the Marine's salty language quickly

SOUTH SEA PARADISE (cont.)

ing as a photographer in the Pink Lotus night club near Bubbling Well Road.

Naturally, our hero, O'Hearn, doesn't want to see a good Marine lost to the wiles of one Ginger Martin employed by the proprietor of a notorious waterfront nitery. When he takes off looking for the errant lad, the fuze is lighted and, following an age-old custom of Hollywood's that it's not a good Marine picture unless there's a fight in the opening scenes, the battle is underway.

The proprietor wants Virginia Mayo for his own, the Pfc wants Virginia. O'Hearn wants the ship-jumping Pfc and the customers of the bar want a brawl. Everyone gets their desire except the boss man of the gin mill.

O'Hearn leaves the saloon with his Pfc and the added attraction of Miss Mayo, plus a small motor boat which is conveniently moored at the back entrance. Being good Marines and not Sailors they neglect to untie the mooring line lashed to a piling that supports the night club and their hasty departure brings down the house—into the Whangpoo river.

This scene ably supports the fifth charge in Sgt. O'Hearn's trial.

Foreign intrigue sneaks its way into the picture as the trio arrives at the small French Colonial island of Namou, located some 200 nautical miles from Guadalcanal. Here they learn that the United States is at war with Japan and Guadalcanal has just been invaded by the Marines.

Anxious to do his bit for the ol' Corps, O'Hearn hijacks a disguised Nazi naval officer's private yacht, recruits a crew of Free French residents

of the island and sets sail for Guadalcanal to give the Navy and First Marine Division a hand in winning the war. His Pfc buddy and Virginia Mayo, now in the sarong stage, wind up as members of the nondescript crew.

A sea battle with a Japanese destroyer breaks out as the yacht sails into the wrong end of the island and smack in the middle of some Nipponese reinforcements being shuttled to the beach by landing barges. The fracas lasts through several hundreds of exciting feet of film with the destroyer wiping out the greater percentage of barges while attempting to drop a shell on the yacht. The valiant crew of the pleasure craft inflict terrific damage on the destroyer with a French 75 and mortars lashed to the rail of the small boat before the tide of battle forces them to abandon ship. In the battle everyone but our hero, Burt Lancaster, and heroine Mayo are wiped out and the decks are cleared for the closing scenes. Before returning to the courtroom for the finale, Lancaster and Miss Mayo, cruising the Pacific on a raft flying a lacy pair of scivies especially designed for the distress signal, are picked up by an American sub.

Unlike Warners' previous top-selling Semper Fi release, "Retreat, Hell" which depicted the rigors of fighting a war in wintry Korea, this show has been produced for laughs. Marines invited to the pre-release showings of the film will no doubt be closely observed; the studio is probably clocking the chuckles coming from Marines watching a Marine film. The movie makers probably figure that if the score is high with cynical Marines, civilian viewers will get twice as many laughs. This, naturally, will be the acid test but the small number of Marines who have seen the unedited film and who

have been present on the working sets feel sure that this is a motion picture Marines will like.

Thanks to the deep-digging research of the Marines' West Coast representative, Lieutenant Colonel Merle T. Wetton, the authenticity of Marine uniform and speech in the picture is a credit to the Corps.

Painstaking effort on the part of Col. Wetton and the research department of Warner Brothers led to the true-to-life courtroom which was patterned after the one at the Marine Corps Air Station, El Toro, California. The dialogue involving the officers of the court-martial board had to be patterned after the old Naval Courts And Boards and the Articles For the Government of the United States Navy. Col. Wetton spent long hours and many days tracking down a copy of Courts And Boards; most of these copies have disappeared since the advent of the Uniform Code of Military Justice which now governs court-martial proceedings in the Armed Forces.

Uniform changes were another headache which plagued the Marine representative.

At one time during the sequence of events portrayed in the film the Marines were wearing chevrons on only one sleeve. It was Col. Wetton's task to determine the exact dates of this unrecorded event and have Burt Lancaster's uniforms coincide with the period.

Many an old China hand will have a nostalgic moment or two while watching the Shanghai night club scene. The studio research department had the help of many who have visited the night club section of Shanghai and the bar is a composite of many which flourished in the pre-war Chinese metropolis.

Despite the fact that both Lancaster and Conners did their wartime hitch in the Army, the dialogue has the salty flavor of the Marine Corps. Col. Wetton and the research department share the credit for this with a former Marine and an ex-Sailor who worked on the production. Former Marine Jack Danler appears in the role of Navy Lieutenant Kellogg, a member of the court-martial board, and Jim Hayworth, a bos'n mate in World War I and II, has the true-to-life part of Bos'n Mate Orville Masterson, U.S. Navy.

Recruiters have long complained that previous Marine pictures with their "blood and guts" sequences of concentrated battle scenes have never helped them fill their monthly quotas; "South Sea Paradise" may never start long queues outside the recruiting office but it will help to put adventure back on the recruiting posters. **END**

We-the Marines

Edited by TSgt. Curtis W. Jordan

S.O.S. Shipmate

Fast thinking on the part of Private First Class Buddy A. Johnson and Paul T. Walburn, USN, Seaman Apprentice, saved the life of a fellow shipmate serving with them aboard the *USS Philippine Sea*.

Johnson was standing on the dock at Yokosuka, Japan, where the big aircraft carrier was moored when he saw his shipmate struggling in the frigid waters between the ship and the pier. He realized the man was stunned from the fall, and without hesitation, dove into the water to rescue him. Seaman Walburn realized that Johnson was unable to handle the man alone; he jumped in to lend a helping hand. They managed to get their almost unconscious shipmate into a life ring and safely aboard ship.

Johnson and Walburn were later commended by Commander K. J. Sanger, USN, acting commanding officer, for performance above and beyond the call of duty.

PIO, *USS Philippine Sea*

Grappling For Gertie

Twenty young Duluth, Minnesota women are being taught the technique of "throwmanship," (jiu jitsu) by Sergeant James Eastman of the Inspector-Instructor staff of Duluth.

The sergeant is teaching the ten-week course in the YWCA through the courtesy of the 16th Special Infantry Company, USMCR.

His outline includes orientation, exhibition and the art of falling. The sergeant explained, "A woman just flops when she falls. She has to learn how to roll before she can practice jiu jitsu with effectiveness. Actually, the art should be easier for a woman than



Official USN Photo
Pfc Buddy A. Johnson (foreground) and Paul T. Walburn, USN, Seaman Apprentice, save shipmate from drowning at Yokosuka pier

for a man because it is a graceful art. It's just a matter of adapting natural gracefulness to jiu jitsu."

His lessons will deal with choke-breaks, arm grips, a collar throw, hip throw, unarmed defense against a knife, and the use of a stick and its modifications.

This is Eastman's first attempt at teaching jiu jitsu. He studied it in high school and practiced on his buddies. He learned combat judo in the Marine Corps.

When Jo Goodsell, YWCA staff, decided the course would be taught, she gave the Marine recruiting office a call. The request was referred to the Inspector-Instructor office. Eastman was nominated.

I&I Staff, 16th Special Infantry Company, USMCR
Duluth, Minn.

Sweet Farewell

The tough little drill instructor, compact of build but sawed-off, was reading the riot act to a gangling boot.

"Snap back those shoulders," he ordered. "Pull that belly in. And above all, keep those eyes up . . . look straight ahead!"

The beanpole boot straightened like a ramrod, then drawled, "Well, good-bye, Sarge; I'll never see you again."

Jack Kytle

D. I. School

The eighth class of the Drill Instructor School began April 20 at Marine Corps Recruit Depot, Parris Island.

The school was opened to all Marines by the Commandant of the Marine Corps in August, 1952. It was established to train qualified personnel to meet the recruit loads expected during the coming months.

The school's four-week periods cover three phases; drill, technique of

TURN PAGE

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

struction and orientation of Parris Island. Most of the time is spent on drill.

Students receive 30 hours of infantry drill evaluation, 18 hours of infantry drill instruction, 18 hours of leadership instruction, 21 hours of administration and inspection. Thirty-two hours of general information subjects and 10 hours of general military subjects are included in the schedule.

Prospective drill instructors will be graded on drill technique three times on the field, with students using classmates as "recruits." Each student must hold five classroom periods of instruction. He will be graded on four of these, with the first period being allowed as a practice session. There will be a written examination on drilling and a final examination which will include everything covered in the course. A student must make 70 per cent to graduate.

The current class of 98 is composed of all ranks in the enlisted ladder. Their backgrounds are as varied as their personalities; there are students who have recently graduated from boot camp, men who have had experience in military police work and Korea veterans. The school gets the top two per cent of all recruits graduating from boot camp.

Almost anyone can be assigned to the school if he can meet the necessary requirements in CMC letter AO3c-mft of 29 August 1952.

PIO, Parris Island

Operation Small Fry

A program, conceived by Master Sergeant Thomas A. DeCastro, camp radio correspondent at Camp Lejeune, is aimed at children, old and young. "Operation Small Fry," currently being relayed by telephone from Lejeune to radio station WJNC, Jacksonville, N. C., for broadcast, features children's records, interviews, audience participation, and the question of the week which the small fry are asked to answer in their own words and in their own writing. Mail response to the questions is heavy even though the program is in its infancy. The winner each week is given a phonograph album contributed by a local merchant.

All the schools in the vicinity were contacted and local stores were asked to contribute prizes. Each week a different school is visited and all children appearing on the program are given a recording of their part as a keepsake.

DeCastro's program also offers a serialized story of the adventures of Sergeant Troop and Pfc Stomp, Horse Marines. Troop and Stomp are everyday words in the life of a Marine, but



Official USMC Photo

Future DIs at Parris Island got the word on how to "stack arms" while attending the seventh class of the Drill Instructors school



Official USMC Photo

School kids came up with ready answers during interview by MSgt. Thomas A. DeCastro, producer of radio show "Operation Small Fry"



Official USMC Photo
Pfc Elzie Pence is assisted by WMs Jane Brown and Betty Knotts during the opening night of Camp Lejeune's new roller skating rink



Official USMC Photo
Pfc E. Byers and D. Oldigs fill sand bags while burning sagebrush to heat their foxhole during a cold night on the High Joshua Desert

in the old Corps, they were Horse Marines.

Sergeant Troop is the strong-minded virile type and Pfc Stomp is the simple but lovable character. The cast also includes the Colonel of Horse Marines, a sheriff, two villains and "Ovaltine" (rhymes with Clementine), Stomp's girl friend. Sound effects are created by the cast.

So . . . if you're in the neighborhood of Camp Lejeune on a Wednesday evening between 5 and 5:30 p.m., listen in, pardner.

PIO, Camp Lejeune

Waltz Me Again

There's roller skating every Wednesday night for Camp Lejeune Marines at Marston Pavilion.

It's been introduced on a 30-day trial basis, and judging from the opening night attendance, it is destined to become a regular activity.

On opening night, veteran skaters whirled around the rink, while novices unexpectedly met the hardwood floor. The south wing of the pavilion has been set aside for this activity under the auspices of Camp Special Services. Technical Sergeant George Amerine volunteered his services as a roller skate waltz instructor.

Bring your own liniment.

PIO, MB, Camp Lejeune

Home-Baked

Resourcefulness was a byword of Third Division Marines at Camp Pendleton as they faced a cold night on the High Joshua Desert.

They had been training in an area which only rattlesnakes, tarantulas and prospectors call home. The Marines borrowed an old camper's trick to keep warm.

Two buddies dug a standard horizontal two-man foxhole.

Sagebrush was collected and piled in the foxhole where it could be burned later in the day.

About dusk, the Marines lit a blazing fire which warmed the hole. A layer of sand was spread over the ashes to retain the heat.

Then ponchos, paper, or other insulating materials were spread over the bottom of the foxhole, and shelter halves were pitched over the dugout home.

How cozy can you get?

PIO, 3rdMarDiv,
Camp Pendleton

No Anti-Freeze

A shaggy St. Bernard failed his ancestors recently when he tried to keep pace with Third Division Marines in cold weather training.

TURN PAGE

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

"Baron," the snow loving mascot, came down with pneumonia while his Marine pals maneuvered over icy ridges, high on California's Sonora Pass.

When the battalion landing team commander, Lieutenant Colonel John E. Rentsch, was notified of the St. Bernard's illness he sent the dog to the nearest veterinarian at Minden, Nevada, 50 miles from the training site at Pickel Meadows.

After penicillin shots and a prescription for dry, warm quarters, Baron returned to the command post. He obeyed the doctor's orders, recovered, and rejoined his buddies to complete the tactical exercise.

As an innovation, Baron carried a small stove, rather than the traditional keg of brandy.

PIO, 3rdMarDiv,
Camp Pendleton

Friday, the 13th

Sergeant Donald L. Fergusson, a veteran of almost a year of service in Korea, was chosen for duty with the newly formed 1st Provisional Marine Air-Ground Task Force, FMF, at Marine Air Station, Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii.

With 31 other Marines, he boarded a plane in Korea for the flight to Hawaii. Three hours later the plane was forced to land in Atsugi, Japan, where it remained until the weather cleared.

Six times they were alerted. Six times their flight was cancelled.

On the seventh try they were given clearance. When the plane was a few hours out of Japan, Sgt. Fergusson realized that it was Friday, February the 13th.



When the plane arrived at Barber's Point Naval Air Station near Pearl Harbor, 14 hours later, the sergeant learned that in crossing the International Date Line, he had gained a full day. It was still Friday the 13th!

No more or no less superstitious than other people, he felt that he could



Photo by MPPU, Camp Pendleton

Sergeant W. Neufeld, Jr., and Corp. F. Craig (standing) served with the Marines for whom explosive ordnance disposal company gave blood

safely push his luck a little further and apply for leave.

He asked for 15 days; his record book indicated that he had only 13 days coming. Then he was told that the only day open for his leave to start was Friday, March the 13th. He accepted.

The sergeant had one more problem—money to finance his leave.

His request for special pay was granted, and he was told to stop by the pay office on the day his leave began and pick up his money.

And on Friday the 13th when Sgt. Fergusson received his leave papers and walked into the pay office to receive his money he had on the books, he was handed *thirteen dollars*—one for each day of his leave.

PIO, 1st Prov. Marine Air-Ground
Task Force, FMF, Kaneohe Bay

In Gratitude

In gratitude for the plasma which saved the lives of two buddies in Korea, the entire 1st Explosive Ordnance Disposal Company, FMF, at Camp Pendleton, gave blood recently.

The 100 per cent donation was a voluntary gesture to replace the large

amount of plasma used by Technical Sergeant James R. Whitaker and Sergeant John A. Geddes who were critically injured December 12 while removing enemy ordnance.

Every man in the company not on temporary additional duty or on leave, contributed. Those who were away from Camp Pendleton have already signified their intentions to donate blood upon their return.

TSgt. Whitaker and Sgt. Geddes were on a three-month tour of duty in Korea with the company's Sub-Unit 1. As they were removing unexploded ordnance from a storage pit at Yach'on, an explosion of undetermined origin occurred.

The explosion cost TSgt. Whitaker his left eye, partial sight in his right eye, and his right leg below the knee. His left leg was severely broken. He is hospitalized at the U.S. Naval Hospital in Oakland, California.

Sgt. Geddes is at the Naval Hospital in Yokosuka, Japan, where he is recuperating from loss of his left eye and serious leg wounds. He has partial sight remaining in his right eye.

First Lieutenant Leonard C. Gademsky, Jr., officer in charge of the sub-



Photo by SSgt. Nick Rodriguez
Mayor D'Alesandro of Baltimore attends Reserve ceremony at Fort McHenry with Maj. T. McLea, LtCol. E. Moses and Col. R. Lanigan



Official USMC Photo
Sgt. George W. Smith shows Pfc Maryjo Stanfield where a six-foot rattler struck at his jeep while he was driving through Camp Lejeune

unit, and Private First Class William K. Hanson were standing near the pit when the explosion occurred. Both escaped injury.

PIO, Force Troops, FMF
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

Open House

In recognition of Marine Corps Reserve Week in Maryland, Baltimore's First Engineer Battalion, USMCR, held open house at Fort McHenry.

City dignitaries, distinguished guests and members of the general public were taken on guided tours of the training center. Heavy equipment displays and unique training aids were explained to the visitors. They also witnessed demonstrations of Marine Corps methods of instruction.

At a battalion ceremony, the Marine Corps Reserve Certificate of Appreciation was presented to the Honorable Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., Mayor of Baltimore. Colonel John R. Lanigan, Director of the Fifth Marine Corps Reserve and Recruitment District made the presentation. The citation read in part: "... For cooperation and assistance rendered in fostering and promoting interest in the activities of the Marine Corps Reserve as an integral part of the Nation's Defense establishment. You have demonstrated a high sense of loyalty, devotion and initiative to the best interest of our nation. (signed), J. McQueen, Brigadier General, USMC."

In his speech of acceptance, Mayor D'Alesandro expressed his thanks and pledged continued support of Marine Corps Reserve activities in Baltimore.

After the ceremony, the spectators were entertained with an exhibition by the Demonstration Drill Platoon.

1st Eng. Bn., USMCR
Ft. McHenry, Baltimore,
Md.

Free Air

Ever get a million dollars worth of "air" thrown your way?

The Marine Corps recently celebrated the 100th broadcast of "The Marine Corps Show." Aired over NBC's network as a public service feature, the show is worth a cool one-half million dollars a year in air time. The Marines turned the tables on NBC officials who donated the time by presenting them with certificates of appreciation during the recent broadcast.

Those receiving the awards included Harry Brubeck, head of the West Coast Division of NBC; Howard Wiley, director of the show; veteran announcer and master of ceremonies Jimmy Wallington and Sterling Way, manager of the famed Hollywood Palladium.

MSgt. Roy Heinecke

END



Mr. Shin Pia Yung, ROK Defense Minister, puts Korean Presidential Unit Citation pennant on the

1st MarDiv Colors. VADM Won Yil Sohn, ROK CNO, and MajGen E. A. Pollock, Div CG, watch

Official USMC Photo

dateline... *Korea*

When they arrived, Malburg put his knowledge of electricity to work. To keep in touch with the bunkers in his position, he supplied each with one of his bells. Malburg controls the bells through a master board in his fire direction center.

"Those bells startle visitors," states

Edited by
SSgt. John P. McConnell
Leatherneck Staff Writer

Doorbells To War Bells

Technical Sergeant Ray W. Malburg claims to have found the solution to the vexing communications problem in Korea.

As an 81-mm. mortar platoon ser-

geant in the First Marines, he had been running into difficulty maintaining contact with his gun crews.

After surveying the situation, he wrote home to Oceanside, Calif., and made a strange request—three, good, loud doorbells!

Malburg, "but they sure do a good job of alerting the crews."

PIO, 1stMarDiv.

Nest Egg

The Easter bunny left a nest egg this

year for some 400 children at two orphanages in Korea.

Through the efforts of Chaplain Francis P. O'Malley and members of MAG-12, 500 sections of riceland will be purchased.

Chaplain O'Malley calls this "life insurance" for the homeless waifs. It means that they'll have enough to eat after the Marines leave.



Catholic members of MAG-12 were urged to contribute money during Lent for the support of the Catholic orphanage at Pyongteck. The Chaplain also sought contributions for the Episcopal orphanage in the group area which is supported by the Marines.

Two thousand dollars are being collected to purchase the land. Stateside friends and relatives of Marines have also contributed to the drive.

PIO, HQMC

Dark Victory

Victors of an eerie duel, fought in the darkness of Korea's skies, have been awarded Distinguished Flying Crosses for their unprecedented feat.

Major William T. Stratton, Jr., and Master Sergeant Hans C. Hoglind shot down an enemy YAK-15 to score the first known night jet-to-jet kill in aviation history.

Major Stratton, pilot, and MSgt. Hoglind, airborne intercept operator, made a daring raid deep into enemy territory with their Douglas F3D "Skynight" to track and kill the first enemy jet with the Skynight's complicated radar system.

In total darkness, the F3D pilot saw the enemy plane for the first time when his guns sent it down in flames. The enemy pilot never knew what hit him.

The Skynight's top-secret radar sys-

tem spots enemy planes at long range. Then the airborne intercept operator directs the pilot until he is within about four miles of the target. At this point the Skynight's radar gunsight goes into action, "locking on" the enemy plane.

The pilot then flies so that a small dot of light remains centered in a circle until he scores his kill.

The Marine Corps announced in February that the sleek new twin-jet had been in action since November. During this period the F3D had shot down four enemy jets and one propeller-driven plane.

PIO, FMAW

Coffee Critique

The night was cold and the men filed into the mess hall for hot coffee.

"I'm glad that's over," said one Marine. No one disagreed. They had just returned from a raid on an enemy hill.

"The men were great," commented Staff Sergeant Charles Frost. "We did a lot of damage with grenades and bunker bombs. I can't understand why the Reds didn't throw more big stuff

at us but they sure didn't spare any grenades. They were flying all over the place."

His patrol had started out at dark and after reaching the foot of the enemy hill without being fired upon, took cover as tanks and artillery blasted the area. Then they got orders to advance up the hill. The lieutenant led the way.



"We were half way up the hill when a burp gun opened up on us," said Sergeant Fred Miller, a squad leader. "From then on neither side let up."

"You could see the outline of the

TURN PAGE



Photo by SSgt. W. Murr
Major William T. Stratton, Jr., and Master Sergeant Hans Hoglind scored aviation's first night jet kill with their Douglas F3D Skynight

tem spots enemy planes at long range. Then the airborne intercept operator directs the pilot until he is within about four miles of the target. At this point the Skynight's radar gunsight goes into action, "locking on" the enemy plane.

DATELINE . . . KOREA (cont.)

trench line and it seemed like the sky was raining grenades. One after another they kept shooting out of the trenches," Miller added. "Just as we got up on them the lieutenant got hit but he kept shouting orders."

Sergeant Harold Harder, another squad leader, was amazed by the depth of the Chinese trenches. "I could only see the bottom of the trench after our flame thrower man had sprayed two

night to take up watch in their own trenches.

Sgt. Greg Pearson,
Combat Correspondent

Ack-Ack Grenades

Two Marine Corsair pilots reported a new Communist anti-aircraft weapon. Red troops, standing on high hills, threw hand grenades at them.

Captains Lawrence N. Crawley and Bradford N. Slanning, both members of MAG-12's "Devilcats" squadron, reported the incident. They were searching for the pilot of a downed Air

ward me I even ducked," Capt. Slanning reported.

Both Corsairs returned with numerous small arms damage, but none of it was due to grenades.

The Marines didn't return the fire because it might have jeopardized the life of the pilot who may have been a captive of the Reds.

PIO, FMAW

Swan Song

The war hit a new note when two Chinese Reds died for a song.

Three Marines on an outpost found



Comms. I'd say it was a good 12 feet deep.

"It would have been suicide to climb into it so we just stayed on top and tossed grenades down on them. We must have gotten a lot of them."

Everyone had a good word for the flame thrower man. "It was wonderful to see him work," Private First Class Gene Thomas related. "He kept running back and forth spraying the whole area. Even after a hand grenade exploded behind and riddled him and his fuel tank, he stayed right up there."

After the coffee was gone, the Marines slung their rifles over their shoulders and headed into the black starless



Photo by TSgt. Bob Kiser

SSgt. Lee Carey built "better mouse trap." Victim enters door, pulls bait, door falls, flashlight goes on, alarm goes off—Lee checks kill

Force F-84 Thunderjet just south of Wonsan when the "new weapon" was unveiled.

After making low searching runs for nearly two hours, the Marines were about to return to their base when they spotted 15 enemy troops on the ridge lines. The Reds were nearly as high as the Marine planes because the fighter-bombers were searching the valleys.

After firing .30 and .50 slugs at the planes, the Red troopers wound up and pitched the grenades.

"The first time I saw one come to-

ward me I even ducked," Capt. Slanning reported.

Privates First Class George Vagasky, James Mapes and Taylor Cornett pooled their talents to pot the Commies.

"We saw two helmets in the trenchline," said Vagasky. "but they didn't give us much to shoot at."

"Me and Mapes," he continued, "got out our harmonicas and started playing the Marine Corps Hymn. Cornett sang it at the top of his lungs."

"We saw the Reds peek over the trench and set up some kind of auto-

matic weapon. They couldn't seem to spot us so I took off my scivvy shirt, tied it to a shovel and started waving. That did it!

"They fired a couple of bursts. Then we opened up. Their weapon flew to one side, one guy collapsed over the edge and the other one toppled backward."

PIO, 1stMarDiv.

Miller's Highlight

For six hours a lone Marine—the only able bodied man left on the outpost—

for rotation as anyone else."

Miller was stringing wire to the outpost when the Chinese hit.

"At first," he reported, "I couldn't see a thing because there wasn't any moon. The only thing I could go by was the sound of burp guns all over the forward slope.

"Mortar shells tore all my wire to pieces so I grabbed my rifle and a sack full of grenades and took off for the first hole I could find.

"After a while I came to the conclusion that I was the only one on that hill. I figured that I didn't have

Suicide Chance

Second Lieutenant Joe Mitchell called his men into the bunker, crossed his fingers and called for artillery fire.

He and the few Marines on the outpost were desperate. Chinese were swarming all over the place. It was one squad against two platoons of enemy, maybe more.

Mitchell posted his men inside the bunker and gave orders to shoot at any exposed Reds.

Then he called for the artillery fire—on top of his own bunker.

For 30 minutes Marine artillery and mortars pounded the top and all around the bunker. Finally the Reds gave up the fight and left their dead and wounded littered around the position.

"It was the only way to drive those Commies off," Mitchell said later. "We thought the bunker would collapse but we just kept our fingers crossed."

Mitchell has been recommended for the Silver Star Medal for gallantry in action.

TSgt. Bill Daum,
Combat Correspondent



Photo by TSgt. Tom Rousseau

Hunting in Korea is strictly for the birds according to MSgt. Edward L. Spencer who bagged 53 feathered varieties shortly after breakfast

fought off an attack by more than 100 Chinese.

When a rescue party broke through at dawn, they found 10 dead Reds near the foxhole held by Corporal Paul E. Miller.

The screaming Reds had overrun the entire hill, killing or wounding every man except Miller. In the initial attack, the handful of Marines killed 20 Communists.

Afterward Miller said, "I don't know why they didn't make a mass charge and get me. But don't misunderstand me—I'm just as anxious to be around

much time left.

"Right after I got in that hole, a Commie crawled up within a few feet and tossed a grenade right at me. It was a dud but it dented my helmet when it hit. He didn't throw another one. I caught him with half a clip from my rifle.

"I didn't have any idea of the time that passed," Miller went on. "When they told me it was six hours, I couldn't believe it. I never thought that I could last long against all those Reds."

TSgt. Bill Daum,
Combat Correspondent

The Gentle Touch

It was new territory and Corporal Bernard R. Stickler, point man on a night reconnaissance patrol, was playing it cool.

At the base of a small hill Stickler stopped the patrol. He crept forward and suddenly spotted an enemy bunker about 20 feet up the hill.

For a long time he lay quiet, hardly daring to breathe. He thought of the patrol at the bottom of the hill and he knew he'd have to investigate the bunker alone—he didn't want his buddies to walk into the enemy guns.

Slowly he crawled on his belly toward the enemy outpost. Finally he was at the bunker door. He opened it carefully and looked inside.

Suddenly the still night air was disturbed by a muffled explosion. Stickler rejoined his patrol at the bottom of the hill.

"I crawled up to that bunker, and there didn't seem to be anybody around," Stickler related later, "so I crawled up to the door and stuck my head in.

"I was never more surprised in my life. Two Chinese were sitting about two feet from my head, leaning against the wall sound asleep.

"They looked so peaceful that I didn't feel like disturbing them. I just pulled a pin on a hand grenade, laid it down between them and got the hell out of there."

Sgt. Ernest A. Greer,
Combat Correspondent

END

"In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"

Citations and Awards For Service in Korea.



Corp. Duane Dewey receives the Congressional Medal of Honor from President Eisenhower. It was the President's first award of the medal

MEDAL OF HONOR

"The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the MEDAL OF HONOR to: Corporal Duane E. Dewey . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a Gunner in a Machine-gun Platoon of Company E, Second Battalion, Fifth Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces near Panmunjom, Korea, on 16 April, 1952. When an enemy grenade landed close to his position while he and his assistant gunner were receiving medical attention for their wounds during a fierce night attack by numerically superior hostile forces, Corporal Dewey, although suffering intense pain, immediately pulled the corpsman to the ground and, shouting a warning to the other Marines

around him, bravely smothered the deadly missile with his body, personally absorbing the full force of the explosion to save his comrades from possible injury or death. His indomitable courage, outstanding initiative and valiant efforts in behalf of others in the face of almost certain death reflect the highest credit upon Corporal Dewey and enhance the finest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

President of the United States
Dwight D. Eisenhower

THE NAVY CROSS

"for extraordinary heroism . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of second award"

Capt. William P. Brown, Jr. (Posthumous)

SILVER STAR MEDAL

"for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action . . ."

Capt. Robert B. Sinclair
Capt. George B. Woodbury
2dLt. James L. Day
2dLt. Jim T. Elkins
2dLt. Jeff T. Ford, Jr.
2dLt. Robert R. Jackson
2dLt. Roland L. McDaniel
2dLt. Robert Moody
2dLt. Raymond G. Murphy
2dLt. Daniel Willis
2dLt. Gary L. Yundt
TSgt. Edward D. Knecht, Jr.
SSgt. Buford L. Burns
SSgt. Peter J. Johansen
SSgt. Stanley W. Main
Sgt. James E. Banner
Sgt. Thomas B. Baylan
Sgt. James R. Chapman, Jr.
Sgt. Emil W. Evosovich
Sgt. Robert A. Hyer
Sgt. Phil M. Kirby
Sgt. Philip V. Mondra
Corp. Robert T. Connell, Jr. (Posthumous)
Corp. Albert E. Desjardins
Corp. Robert H. Giblin
Corp. Richard L. Pettit
Corp. Paul R. Reynolds (Posthumous)
Corp. Raymond E. Sice
Pfc. Filipe Cordero-Cantino (Posthumous)
Pfc. Charlie J. Davis
Pfc. Ruben Garcia-Morales
Pfc. Albert D. Long
Pfc. Charlie E. Savage
Pfc. Thomas Williams

LEGION OF MERIT

"for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the Government of the United States . . ."

Gold Star in lieu of second award . . ."

Colonel Robert E. Fajt
Colonel Loren E. Haffner

LEGION OF MERIT (First Award)

Col. Harry M. Shea
LtCol. John F. Carey
LtCol. Jacob E. Glick
LtCol. James G. Kelly
LtCol. Kenneth E. Martin
LtCol. Oscar F. Peatross
LtCol. Walter E. Reynolds
LtCol. Robert F. Steidtmann

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

"for extraordinary achievement in aerial flights . . ."

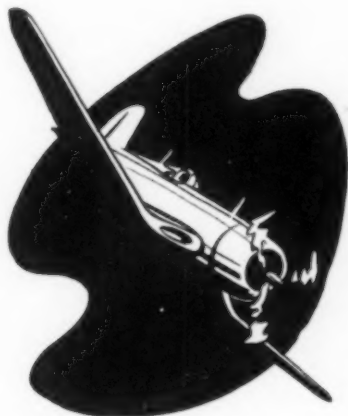
"Gold Star in lieu of . . . award"

Capt. Norman W. Flinn, Jr. (4th award)
Major Roy L. Anderson (3rd award)
Major Marion B. Bowers (3rd award)
Major Edmund Bucher, Jr. (3rd award)
Major Ralph D. Caplan (3rd award)
Capt. Merlin L. Dake (3rd award)
Col. Robert E. Galer (2nd award)
Col. Herbert H. Williamson (2nd award)
LtCol. Robert E. Cameron (2nd award)
Major Alexander J. Gillis (2nd award)
Major Wiley A. Green (2nd award)
Major Jesse T. Hastings, Jr. (2nd award)
Major Reinhardt Leu (2nd award)
Major Robert A. Strieby (2nd award)

Major William L. Traynor (2nd award)
 Capt. George E. Gibson, Jr. (2nd award)
 Capt. Paul B. Henley (2nd award)
 Capt. Neal E. Jameson (2nd award)
 Capt. Edgar F. Remington (2nd award)
 Capt. Richard F. Strom (2nd award)

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award)

LtCol. Charles E. Dobson, Jr.
 LtCol. Homer G. Hutchinson, Jr.
 LtCol. Jack B. Winters
 Major James W. Baker
 Major Earl W. Cassidy
 Major Donald G. Clarke
 Major Vincent Franano
 Major Marshall C. Gregory
 Major Henry Hart
 Major Dan H. Johnson
 Major Lynn E. Midkiff
 Major Herbert A. Nelsen
 Major Richard E. Pryor
 Major Sidney J. Wilson, Jr.
 Capt. Robert D. Alexander
 Capt. Donald A. Beam
 Capt. William E. Bernhardt
 Capt. Donald L. Boudreaux
 Capt. John Churchill, Jr.
 Capt. James R. Curxon
 Capt. Casper L. Ditttrich
 Capt. John G. Freeman
 Capt. Owen V. Gallentine



Capt. W. C. Hall
 Capt. Odia E. Howe
 Capt. William H. Johnson
 Capt. Virgil V. Koenig
 Capt. Cecil B. LaFayette
 Capt. Joseph O. Lynch
 Capt. Edward H. P. Lynk
 Capt. London C. Martin
 Capt. Donald L. May
 Capt. Allen L. McAllister
 Capt. Willie J. Mixson
 Capt. Thomas E. Murphree
 Capt. Arthur W. Newendorp
 Capt. Leslie W. Phillips
 Capt. Ewell B. Pinkston
 Capt. Thomas M. Place, Jr.
 Capt. John S. Thompson
 Capt. Robert R. Van Dalsem
 Capt. Henry Waryek
 Capt. James R. Weaver
 Capt. James E. Wylie
 1stLt. Thomas B. Collins
 1stLt. Edward J. Ruffy
 2dLt. Ernest C. Brace
 2dLt. Guy R. Campo
 2dLt. Samuel A. Denyer, Jr.
 MSgt. Robert P. Becker
 MSgt. Render M. Matthews

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

"for heroic conduct . . ."

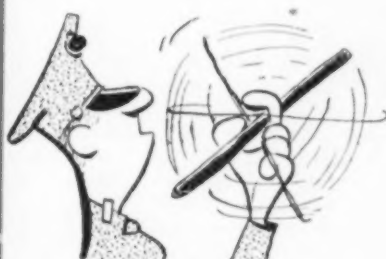
SSgt. Lyndolph Ward

END

SWAGGER STICK TYPES

A swagger stick has been adopted as an optional item of uniform for all male officers.

Marine Corps Memorandum Number 121-52



Drum Major Type



Artistic Type



Gung Ho Type



Life-of-the-Party Type



Absent Minded Type
 (When saluting)



Desk Jockey Type



Asiatic Type



Sportsman Type

VEGAS

[continued from page 21]



again held the high ground on Vegas. Major Lee reported he was surrounded by force.

Carson was also under a renewed attack but the enemy was driven off with no appreciable damage to the outpost. Reno was declared untenable and upon the orders of Colonel Lewis W. Walt, CO of the Fifth Marines, it was pulverized by bombs and artillery. Thus destroyed, it was neutralized to both sides.

Master Sergeant Gerald L. Neal, First Sergeant of "Dog" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, recalled that during this period his company was back at the MLR reorganizing. One man reported to his bunker in nothing but "long Johns." The remainder of his clothing had been cut away at the aid station to locate the many small shrapnel wounds he had suffered. Neal remembers him saying, "I may not be in the proper uniform but I'm reporting for duty and I want to go back out."

Another man from "Dog" Company wandered up to the bunker offering to help. He was apparently dazed from a concussion grenade. Neal asked, "Where have you been, son?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Well, can you tell me your name?"

"Yeah, it's Vegas."

Shortly before 0500 on the morning of the 29th, Major Lee and Captain Ralph L. Walz, CO of "Fox" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, were killed by a round of 120-mm. mortar fire.

At 0500 a three-minute softening up period was held on Red positions by Marine artillery. "Easy" Company, 2nd Battalion, Seventh Marines, then moved into position on the top of Vegas, passing through "Fox" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines. "Fox" pulled back to the MLR, reorganized and manned Berlin and East Berlin.

Again the Marines were pushed off Vegas and again they came back to retake it. A heavy rain on the 29th made fighting difficult. "Easy" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, relieved "Easy" Company, 2nd Battalion, Seventh Marines on Vegas.

On the 30th, "Fox" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines, came from their positions on Berlin and East

Berlin to relieve "Easy" Company, 2nd Battalion, Fifth Marines. Corporal George C. Demars, second platoon guide for "Fox" Company, said, "I'd been out on patrols and fire fights but this was my first real battle. The guys were like rabbits digging in. The fill-ins (reinforcements) gotten by the company during the reorganization, jumped right in. We didn't know half the people in the fire teams but everybody worked together."

Second Lieutenant Irvin B. Maizlish, platoon leader of the second platoon of "Fox" was the only officer of those originally attached to the company who was not killed or wounded. He took over the company for a short period after Capt. Walz was killed. He said, "I checked the men digging in on Vegas and they were digging deep. Everybody knew 'Fox' was here to stay. I've never seen men work so hard. We were going to hold this ground and the spirits were unusually high. I even heard some of the men singing the Marine Corps Hymn as they were digging. You can't beat that kind of spirit."

And they stayed. Attacks by the Reds gradually fell off, sputtered anew, only to be stopped cold. Marine casualties were high, but much higher for Chinese. The Marines hadn't given an inch.

The individual heroes were many. Coolness of all concerned amazed the men when they recalled the events. They remembered the Chaplain of the Seventh Marines who was in the thick of the fight for Vegas. Unarmed, he made trips to the outpost to treat the wounded and help bring them to safety. At one time he even stripped off his helmet and flak jacket to give to a fighting Marine who had lost his.

"Trigger Jack" Williams saw another

case of coolness which he says he will never forget and this is his second war. "This guy from 'Able' Tanks I'll never forget. He came up to me when I was on top of Vegas and said, 'Kinda hairy up here, ain't it?' Stuff was busting all over. The skipper told me later that when this guy passed him on the way up he said, 'This is real adventurous.' When he talked to me I told him yeah it was kinda hairy and asked him what he wanted. 'Oh, I brought a Chiggy Train (Korean Service Corps workers) up to evacuate your wounded.' He had two men left out of the 65 he started with. All our wounded were off the hill and I told him so. Cool like, he said, 'I'm new at this game. Should I take the dead away?' We had two dead on the hill and I told him it would help morale if he took them back with him. So he loaded up and took off. I never saw a guy so cool and unconcerned about the whole thing."

When the great battles fought by Marines are written, history will record the heroic struggle for three tiny outposts in Korea. Outposts within a few hundred yards of the neutral corridor leading to Panmunjom where world attention was focused during the recent discussions for the exchange of sick and wounded Prisoners of War.

Irony; yet within the very shadow of peace, men were being wounded and killed. Marines took everything the Commies could hurl at them and then bounced back to hold their ground. During the five days of fighting, the First Marine Aircraft Wing flew 365 combat missions against these three hills, bombing and strafing. Artillery, tanks and ground units banded together to add another valiant chapter in the tradition of the Marine Corps. **END**



Photo by Sgt. Constantine Cholakis
A 75-mm. recoilless rifle of Weapons Company, 5th Marines, gives supporting fire to troops during first assault to retake outpost Vegas



Terry Moore

MIAMI, FLORIDA

[continued from page 38]

mingle with millionaires through the courtesy of Miami Beach hotel owners. Normal bill for a week-end at one of the plush hostleries would kill a C-note. Marines are invited to enjoy the same accommodations for only two bucks a head. Invitations are plentiful, especially in the summer "off" season.

Biggest proof of hospitality is the evening "splash" parties hotel pools throw for servicemen. All a Marine needs is his swim suit. Water, cabana, hot dogs and bathing beauties are supplied free. A surplus of lovelies usually decorates the pool. "Boy meets girl" scenes are frequent and visiting



Corp. and Mrs. Bob Anna enjoy living ashore in nearby Miami

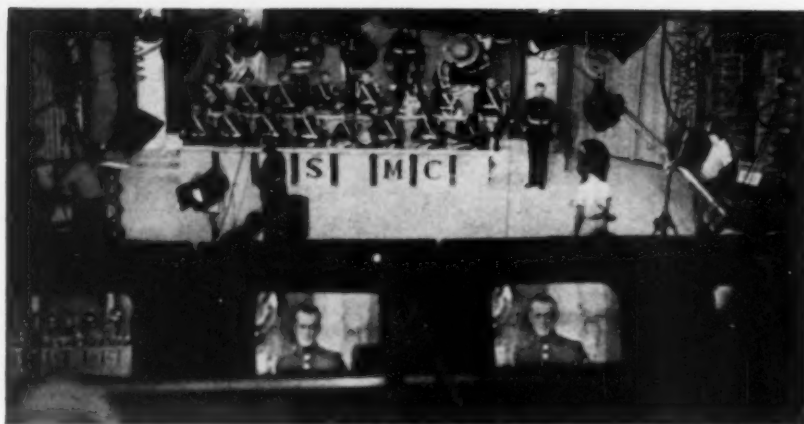
damsels have been known to extend their vacations after meeting the Marines. Moonlight dancing helps.

Economical Marines favor the Servicemen's Club at the Miami Beach auditorium where everything is on the house. Local belles play hostess for those who like dancing. Entertainers from nearby night spots treat the servicemen to free performances.

Inducements encouraging a man to spend his off duty hours on post are many. A movie house provides an alternative from Miami's only TV channel. Swimming pool, library, cafeteria, exchange and mobile refreshment wagon make recreation convenient.

The sports program was a moderately successful affair the first year. The football team had an uneventful season although the boxers fared better. A nine-man squad was coached by Lieutenant R. R. Mandrell. The pugilists cleaned house at St. Petersburg in the South Florida Golden Gloves championship with six winners, two runners-up and one "unpopular" decision.

The cafeteria doubles as a slopchute



Pfc Jim Runyon emcees Third Wing Band show on Miami's station WTVJ. Images in foreground appear on control room monitor sets

on Mainside while Master Field men patronize a huge emporium sponsored by NARTU. Staff NCOs opened their club a few months ago in plush surroundings. The place was formerly an American Legion post. Master Sergeant Randy Cooper manages the zebra spa, one of the best pubs within miles. Nomenclature: bar, enclosed patio replete with palm trees, package store, restaurant and lounge. And bingo!

A theater group, "The Players" comprised of Marines, have entertained their shipmates with productions of "Junior Miss" and "Two Blind Mice." To evaluate the latest station and Corps-wide news, all hands read the *Air Scoop*, the station's four-page weekly. Corporal Bob Cronin, who holds a master's degree from Holy Cross, edits the local sheet.

Married personnel enjoy quarters in a nearby low-cost housing project or rent private dwellings within a ten-mile

radius. Marines who like the locale are buying homes in the area under the GI Bill.

One drawback for married folks, however, is the high price of food. With the exception of fresh fruits and vegetables, chow runs higher than at most stations. There is no commissary at Miami. Breadwinners argue that the lack of a heating bill is equal compensation.

Formal education opportunities run to extremes. A combined kindergarten-nursery outside the gate keeps 64 of the dependents' small fry busy during daylight. If dad wants to avoid the kids completely, he can sign up for evening courses at the University of Miami extension school on the base.

Miami is rapidly becoming one of the most preferred stations in the Corps. The duty is good, the liberty excellent and the weather ideal.

Wish you were there?

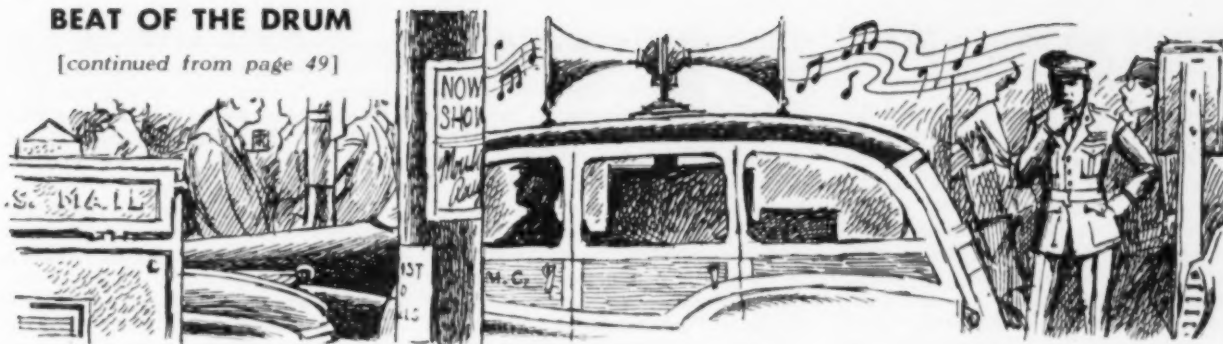
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"Let's build a bunker!"

BEAT OF THE DRUM

[continued from page 49]



where you are,' as Kipling claims, but the fact they didn't make the boy line up with the rest to be frisked is what licked us. We can't get around that, or over it," he added hopelessly. "When do you aim to use me?" Sam asked.

"I'll open by putting Kipling on the stand and I'll introduce the letter we got from his wife . . . I'll shed a few crocodile tears while I paint the picture of the forgiving bride waiting in Iowa sewing on little garments. That might do it." George shrugged.

"Court convenes at two," Sam reminded. "Will you time it so I'm on the stand at three sharp?"

"You sound like you're calling for an artillery barrage."

"I hope that's what it'll be."

"What're you up to, Sam?" George frowned.

"Nothing." Sam's eyelids fluttered. "I just want to tell a story."

"You're a poor liar, Sam," George shrugged. "Okay, I'll play along. Synchronize watches . . . you'll be on the stand at three o'clock."

At 2:30 Sam entered the courtroom and with hard heels biting into the worn runner down the center aisle, he strode to the front row and sat down stiffly with his back a rigid four inches from the seat rest. Turning ever so slightly that the jury might get a full sweep of the encrusted colors over his upper left pocket, he jerked a brief nod to the 12 pairs of eyes turned his way; then he met each pair individually before shifting to Kipling and giving the boy a confident smile.

Only half listening to George as he led Kip through a maze of questions, Sam made a mental review of the jurors. The foreman was a pale faced, pudgy man; the hoar frost of resentment was in his eyes at being called away from his business, and he would vote hurriedly with the majority to get it over as quickly as possible. Numbers two, three and four were housewives, middle aged and stolid . . . number three wore a long feather on her hat that was in a perpetual tremble; number two had a nervous tick that made

her nose wrinkle like a rabbit, and number four chewed gum as placidly as a cow in the shade of a laurel tree in July.

Juror number five was an old man in a wrinkled, shiny suit of blue serge and his thin, corded neck looked like a sunflower stalk holding up a saffron colored face. If he wasn't in a constant doze, Sam decided, stealing a glance at him, he took uncommonly long to rest his eyes. Number six was even older. His cane was a necessary third leg when he walked and a chin rest when he sat. Both were too old for any war since the Spanish-American, Sam told himself uneasily.

Seven to twelve were a heterogeneous collection of middle aged males in occupations as varied as their faces. No wonder, Sam thought, that George felt as he did about reaching the hearts of such a group. How could a man, any man, get to them?

Sam felt a sour sickness in his stomach and his deep breath put a strain on the close fitting blue jacket as he turned his attention to George and Kipling. What a fool he had been to put his faith in a plan that had the shifting sands of human emotions for a foundation, but he had committed his troops and could not change the attack now.

Deftly George stressed points he wanted to hit hard, and Kip was proving a good witness. His thin face was flushed with desire to give the right answers and Sam prayed that he would control himself when the other side began to hammer at him.

At one minute to three, George wound up and turned away. Sam's heart did a triple thump when the District Attorney rose to cross-examine. He might take hours!

"Would opposing counsel postpone cross-examination for the moment?" George smiled easily. "I have a witness I'd like to present. Due to previous commitments, he can't remain here very long."

The attorney frowned and looked at Sam. He waved a hand and shrugged. "Go ahead—"

Sam strode to the stand. As he took

the oath he saw Burrhead Wilson slip silently down the side aisle and open two windows facing on McAllister Street. Sam sat down with his white topped cap and gloves resting on his knees.

"What is your name?" George asked.

"Samuel Breckenridge Watson."

"How long have you been in the service of your country?"

"Thirty-six years. Since April 6, 1917."

"Isn't that the day the United States entered into war with Germany?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old were you at the time?"

Sam shifted his gaze to the woman juror with the quivering feather. "A big 15, sir."

George let his eyes rest for a moment on the vari-colored ribbons.

"Do you know the defendant?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you known him?"

"Since he reported to boot camp in San Diego in early December, 1941."

"Did you know him well?"

"We served together through four campaigns." Sam's thumb edged back his cuff and he stole a glance at his watch. As if an afterthought, he added, "You get to know what's inside a man under those conditions."

"You found the accused," George bit into the word, "a trustworthy person?"

"I'd stake my life on him." Sam wondered if he was certain that the feather no longer was doing an aspen dance. "I'd like to tell you a story to back up that statement."

"Continue," George told him softly.

As Sam muffled a cough he glanced at his watch again. Three minutes. He was on schedule, but was he on the right track? He had three minutes to make 12 people feel the way he felt about Kip.

"It was the morning of D Day plus three. The mission of our battalion was to take Suribachi. It had been slow going and our casualties were heavy. Throughout that afternoon we'd been held up by a Japanese pill box. We couldn't handle it. When night came,

TURN PAGE

BEAT OF THE DRUM (cont.)

we dug in to make another try in the morning."

Sam let his eyes rest on the saffron face upheld by the sunflower stalk of a neck. No change there; still dozing. "After dark we started catching heavy mortar fire. It was bad and men were getting hit up and down the line." Sam shifted his gaze one face right to old Chin Rester. Still resting. "Even in the best trained outfits there are stragglers, men who break under pressure. That night we had ours. Men began to drift back to the beach."

Shifting slightly in his chair, Sam looked up at the judge. "This won't take long, sir, but I'd like to explain the problem and what we faced."

"You may resume."

"Because of casualties, Sergeant Kipling was commanding a platoon. Shortly after midnight word came back to the command post that he was missing. One minute he'd been with his unit and the next he was gone. I replaced him as best I could."

Sam let his gaze wander about the still courtroom and it came to rest on juror two, and he waited a breath to see

if the rabbit wrinkle was still distorting her nose. It was, but not so often.

"—Just before we shoved off at daylight the platoon commander in reserve brought Sergeant Kipling to me. They had found him back on the beach. On questioning, he told me he had gone forward into the enemy lines; that on returning he had got lost. He told me he had disposed of the enemy pill box on his front." Sam flicked his shoulders ever so slightly. "My first impulse was to put him under arrest, but something told me he was telling the truth. I gambled the lives of a hundred men on his word, and we made our attack accordingly. The enemy in the pill box were dead, as Kipling had told me they would be."

Sam paused. As though the break was a signal, the music of a distant band came through the open windows. With the roll of drums and crash of cymbals it came nearer and nearer until it throbbed through the room; it told the story of men marching to battle with flags flying and people cheering; it stirred the blood, making men feel braver than they were, and bringing tears to the hearts of women. Then it began to fade and thin out until it became a haunting undertone in the

musty corners of the sprawling room.

Very deliberately Sam pulled on his gloves. "I would like to add that Sergeant Kipling would have been in that Suribachi flag-raising picture if he hadn't been wounded a few minutes before we gained the top."

"The defense rests," George said gruffly.

"No questions," the District Attorney growled.

"Thank you." Sam nodded to the jury and rising, strode down the center aisle, passing Burrhead Wilson without a glance.

In the corridor he slowed his pace and beat his hands together as he recalled the faces in the jury box. Number four had forgotten her cud of gum, and there had been a dew wash of tears veiling her eyes, while old saffron face was wide awake and his cheeks had the color of a sunflower in a livid sunset. Chin Rester had a ram rod up his back and the cane was forgotten as he gripped the rail before him.

All down the double line of faces it had been the same. Even the foreman had thawed and his eyes were mellow and liquid. In one startling moment they had become soft, kindly people who believed in Kip, as he did. **END**

GOING HOME

[continued from page 53]

points the direction to the Golden Gate Bridge, and the men cheer wildly as the *Walker* passes beneath it.

The ship drops anchor out in the harbor off Alcatraz until 0800 the next morning, at which time the *Walker* is nestled into Pier "H" at the Naval Supply Center at Oakland.

On the pier the Marine Corps Band from the Department of Pacific is playing the "Marine Corps Hymn" and hundreds of civilians swarm the dock looking for husbands and sweethearts.

You are home, Marine!

Troops file down the gangway and across the pier to a ferryboat which will take them across the bay to Treasure Island. Troops who have families waiting for them on the dock are permitted to drive over to Treasure Island with their families. Passes for private transportation are issued on the dock.

At Treasure Island billets are made alphabetically, linen is issued, and the entire draft is paid a flat one hundred dollars and turned loose on liberty.

"A hundred bucks in my pocket, two telephone numbers in my wallet, and

36 hours ashore! San Francisco, here I come!"

Early in the morning two days later the processing begins. A physical and x-rays are completed. The following day all clothing shortages are filled. The following day you are paid, and the morning of the fourth day you pick up your travel orders and travel pay.

While at Treasure Island you will find that every convenience possible has been set up for your benefit. Within the billeting area there is a telephone exchange, a Western Union office, a Railway Express Agency for shipping your sea bag, a Travel Agency, and a fully-stocked Ships Store where everything from cigarettes to civilian clothes may be purchased.

The first day Stateside the returnee has a tendency to be loose with his money. He will buy his meals from the Sandwich Wagons which park outside the barracks instead of walking two blocks to the Navy Chow Hall where excellent meals are served free of charge. He will send his clothes to the "Twenty-four Hour Services," when he can get the same work done and as quickly at the Navy Laundry on the base. This writer got stuck with a bill for 10 dollars just to have

seven khaki shirts cleaned and chevrons bought and sewed on. Had I walked the three blocks to the Post Exchange Laundry, the work would have cost one-third the amount.

Your sea bag shipped, your orders in your suitcase, and your ticket for home in your pocket, you board the bus that will take you to the Yerba Buena Station where you will ride across the Frisco-Oakland Bay Bridge to San Francisco, and then to home.

No more muddy thermo-boots—no more stench of flooded rice paddies—no more "incoming."

"Flight Ten for Chicago leaving in ten minutes!"

"Pardon me, Sergeant, I notice you are wearing the Korean ribbon. When did you get home?"

"The 22nd, Ma'm."

"That's just grand. Tell me, Sergeant, what's it like over there?"

"Well, Ma'm, it was like . . ." You try to remember so many things. The big ones seem to get away, but as you talk you begin to realize that the little details you're jabbering about helped to make the big things happen. You tell your own story but it's the same story other Marines are telling—the names and places are different, but it's the same story. . . . **END**

BRITISH ARMS

[continued from page 59]

of Field Forces is that the pistol-caliber submachine guns and carbines are obsolete, the British feel their experience proves otherwise; they are now testing the Patchett machine-carbine in caliber 9-mm. Parabellum as a machine-carbine to replace their Stens.

The Patchett is known to have been developed as early as 1943. In the accompanying illustrations, the two left-side views are of Patchetts of that period, while the right-side view is the model now being tested. The original Patchett weighed less than six pounds.

The 1943 guns had a folding stock with one limb on each side of the gun. The stock of the newer arm is offset to the right. A small pad is attached to the rear of the receiver against which the firer can rest his nose. Some doubts have been expressed about the practicability of this suggestion.

The Patchett appears to be an extremely simple arm and to have many worthwhile features, particularly its small size and obvious ease of handling. It has been waiting at the door

for ten years; let's hope that this time it gets in!

In the pistol field, the British have gone from their .455 revolvers and autopistols to the low-powered, .380 Enfield revolver; now they seem to be considering the adoption of the Browning high-power autopistol. This is probably the finest autoloading pistol available today. Originally designed in 1925, it was brought out 10 years later by the Belgian Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre as their "GP" (Grande Puissance — High Power) pistol. Length, about 7-1/2" overall; weight, just over two pounds. Its magazine capacity is 13 cartridges, and it will handle the 9-mm. special Parabellum loads developed for the British and Australian submachine guns.

The GP was used during World War II by both sides, the Germans having kept the pistol in production. Reportedly, many of these arms were sabotaged during manufacture. The pistol was made in Canada by John Inglis for Chinese service; it was also used by the Canadians, the British and, according to some reports, by the Greeks.

Externally the pistol resembles the 1911A1. It does have a similar locking system, but the resemblance ends

there. The pistol is vastly superior to the 1911A1 in basic design, it is more accurate and easier to handle. The magazine capacity of 13 rounds is a remarkably fine feature; 13 rounds of machine-carbine ammo is a mighty potent package. The British have a good one, this time!

But the British are up against a tough proposition in trying to interest the NATO powers in their new service rifle. The merits of the rifle are not in dispute, but the main blast against the cartridge has come from the United States. If the newer cartridge now under development proves adequate, it will be interesting to note U.S. reaction.

For many years the British were willing to follow along in the matter of a semi-automatic rifle. They even started tooling up for the .276 Pedersen when it was understood that the U.S. was about to adopt it—and were left high and dry when the U.S. switched. This makes the present situation interesting. Our ordnance development people have grown accustomed to either apathy or receptiveness on the part of our friends and allies, potential or actual. Quite suddenly the British have instituted a program of development and we now have a competitor.

And the competitor is doing a very good job . . .

END



BOOKS REVIEWED

BATTLE CRY. By Leon Uris.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.
Price \$3.75.

This 505-page novel is a lot of book for \$3.75. It's a story of Marines in World War II, by an enlisted Marine who was there and knew at first hand the men and events of which he writes. And he writes with conviction, color and change of pace, whether dealing with boot camp, life in the field, love, sex, or the ultimate test: combat. Most remarkable in a novel of this length, especially a first novel, he strikes very few false notes and succeeds in creating, with few exceptions, warm human characters rather than mere types. His Marines act and talk like Marines, even with a minimum use of four-letter words. And his women (again with a few exceptions) ring true.

Rather than creating a panorama, he focuses the reader's attention on the people and events of one very small unit—the radio squad of the 2nd Battalion, Sixth Marines, Second Marine Division, whose experiences varied only in detail from those of countless thousands who trained on the West Coast and manned our six fighting divisions in the Pacific islands. Pinpointing the target so narrowly makes it necessary for the author to place imaginary characters in actual posts held by very real people, some of whom may not be too happy over the result.

He devotes considerable time to the several central characters' curricular and extra-curricular activities on the West Coast, and during their two happy sojourns in New Zealand. Combat sequences cover Guadalcanal, Tarawa and Saipan. These are vivid and well handled, if a bit on the gory side. The question of how much license a

fiction writer may be permitted when treating documented historical events arises when the author describes an action on Tarawa Atoll involving 423 Japanese in which 98 Marines were killed in action, 213 wounded. Official records report only about 200 Japanese, with our casualties 32 KIA, 60 WIA.

The only approach to a single central figure is a master sergeant known only as Mac, who is doing 30 and handles his kids in the best tradition of the old-time NCO. There is no sustained central love interest, but several minor love stories are told in a moving manner. There is a moderate amount of rough stuff, of course, but unlike several recent books of this type, with their bad taste, often unconvincing action and fixation of hatred toward all things military, especially all officers, *Battle Cry* maintains a neat balance in dealing with the many facets of a Marine's life in those not-so-dear, dead days. And it possesses in generous quantity that asset so notably lacking in those previous works—a contagious humor.

Leon Uris' writing is of superior quality. His dialogue flows or crackles, according to circumstances, with seldom a dull moment, making this probably one of the fastest-reading books of comparable length in the English language.

Lt. Col. Frank O. Hough

Books Received

WHAT MAKES THE WHEELS GO ROUND? By Edward G. Huey. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.

Price \$3.00

A standard introduction to physics in schools, libraries and homes where children

are beginning to ask questions about physical forces and the machines to which they have been harnessed by modern science.

YOUR GREATEST POWER. By J. Martin Kohe. The Ralston Publishing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Price \$1.00

For a quarter of a century the author has listened to people pouring out their troubles. Working with these people he has searched constantly to find the secret of "keeping things running smoothly." The results are contained in this little book.

THE SOVIET IMPACT ON SOCIETY. By Dagobert D. Runes. Philosophical Library, New York.

Price \$3.75

An examination of the cultural and social changes brought about in the Western and Eastern world by the materialization of Marxist ideology. Author Runes delves into the problem of whether Soviet society is to be regarded as a positive or a negative force in our time.

FEAR GOD AND DREAD NOUGHT. Selected and edited by Arthur J. Marder from the correspondence of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, "The Making of an Admiral" Vol. I, 1854-1904. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass.

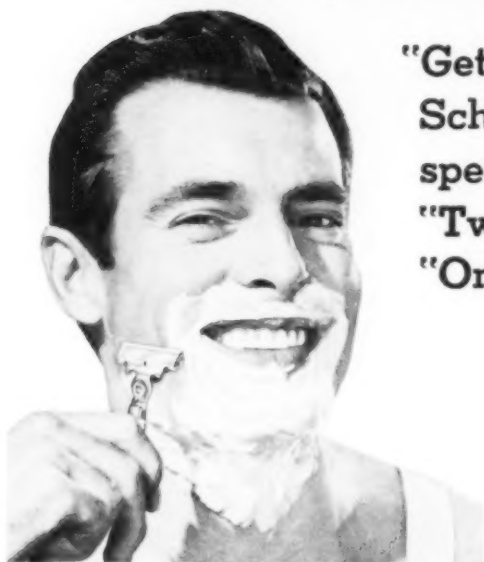
Price \$5.50

The British Navy of his day as seen through the eyes of a famous old sea dog. Lord Fisher began his long naval career in 1854 as a teen-age midshipman. Credited with many major changes in the Royal Navy, his brilliant ideas make interesting reading in this collection of his letters to various friends.

END



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